

PURE AIR

within reach of all. The
Sherman "King" Vaporizer,

**SELF-ACTING,
CONTINUOUS,
INEXPENSIVE,
RELIABLE,
SIMPLE,**

Absolutely purifies the air
wherever it is used. Three
sizes—\$3.50, \$5.00 and \$8.00.

Every Vaporizer sold is
charged to last 2 months, and
it costs but from 2 to 4 cents
per month to run them.

Needed in every home,
school, hall, and office.

SHERMAN "KING" VAPORIZER
CO., 45 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

THE SANITARIAN:

Based at the outset upon medical knowledge
and naval service, over an extensive field of
observation in various climates in different
quarters of the world, large experience in
dealing with epidemic diseases, and practical
sanitation for the maintenance of health under
the most trying circumstances—

"Is **THE BEST** Sanitary publication in America"
(*Mississippi Valley Medical Monthly*); "Easily main-
tains its superiority over all similar publications"
(*Medical World*); and "Has accomplished more good
than all of the other Sanitary papers put together"
(*Hydraulic and Sanitary Plumber*). "The Editor,
Mr. A. N. Bell, is well known to the mercantile com-
munity for his co-operation with the merchants in
quarantine reform, and to his profession as a leader in
Sanitary Science" (*New York Journal of Commerce*).

**96 Pages TEXT Monthly;
TWO Volumes Yearly.**

\$4.00 a year, in advance; 35 cents a number.
Sample copies, 20 cents (ten two-cent postage
stamps).

✍ All communications should be ad-
dressed to the editor,

113A Second Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

COMMERCIAL & FINANCIAL CHRONICLE

Published every Saturday morn-
ing. New York, 102 William St.

Having the Largest and Most Extensive
Circulation of any Financial Journal in
the United States, its Subscription List em-
bracing every Important City in America,
and every Commercial Country in the
World.

The **CHRONICLE** issues from 36 to 48 pages each
week and an **INVESTORS' SUPPLEMENT** of 134
pages every alternate month, together containing—

Financial Editorials, critical and explanatory of
every Congressional, official or market change or
event affecting the finances of the Government, of
the Banks or of Commerce.

Markets—Money, Exchange, Stocks, &c., given in
great detail, with the facts and influences affecting
each, besides comparative stock and bond prices
by days, months and years, with elaborate statistics
in all departments. Also news by telegraph and
cable from other financial centres of this Country
and of the World up to Friday night.

Railroad Editorials on every point affecting their
management, earning capacity, finances, &c.; also
analysis of reports as soon as issued, by an expe-
rienced accountant. Earnings of the roads, net
and gross, obtained at the earliest dates, and com-
piled weekly and monthly, with elaborate articles
in explanation of the same. Also latest and reliable
information from the railroads in all parts of the
country, much of which is special to us.

Investors' Supplement, of 134 pages, contains a
complete, convenient, classified description of every
railroad of importance in the United States—its
debts (dates and amounts of issue), capital, revenue,
earning capacity, dividends, &c., with an accurate
map of the leading roads. This Supplement is
invaluable to dealers and investors.

Cotton Report, with special telegrams to us from
every part of the South each Friday night with
regard to the growing American crop and the
movements of cotton; also special cable news from
every country in the world producing or manu-
facturing cotton to any considerable extent, with
statistics complete and reliable on every branch of
the subject. *This report is the acknowledged
cotton authority the world over.*

Besides the above are editorials on all commercial
subjects, elaborate reports of Dry Goods and Bread-
stuffs, with less full reports of most other Commercial
Markets, &c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION (including postage for the 13
months, also the **INVESTORS' SUPPLE-**
MENT), **\$10.20 per year.**

**WILLIAM B. DANA, & CO.,
Publishers.**

102 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

12

rn-
it.

live
in
em-
ica,
the

each
134

ry of
e or
t, of

n in
ting
rices
stics
and
ntry

heir
also
spe-
net
om-
cles
able
the

ns a
very
its
nue,
rate
it is

rom
with
the
rom
fac-
with
h of
ged

rcial
ead-
rcial

12
LE-

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXIX. }

No. 2386. — March 22, 1890.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

I. THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH MONARCHY, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	707
II. MARCIA. By W. E. Norris. Part IV., . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> , . . .	718
III. PHILOSOPHICAL BUDDHISM IN TIBET, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	726
IV. ROWLAND HILL AND PENNY POSTAGE, . . .	<i>Time</i> , . . .	735
V. SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, . . .	<i>Revue des Deux Mondes</i> , . . .	741
VI. RECOLLECTIONS OF A VOYAGE WITH GENERAL GORDON, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	750
VII. THE EXPERIENCES OF A MULTAZIM, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	756
VIII. ROBERT BROWNING, . . .	<i>Argosy</i> , . . .	762
IX. FORTUNIO, . . .	<i>Speaker</i> , . . .	766

POETRY.

ROBERT BROWNING'S FIRST SONNET, . . .	706	A REVIEWER'S REMORSE, . . .	706
A WINTER SONG, . . .	706	SONNET, . . .	706

MISCELLANY, . . .	768
-------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

ROBERT BROWNING'S FIRST SONNET.

A SONNET from the pen of Robert Browning is so rare a thing that I think you may like to republish the one I referred to in my article in the February number of the *Argosy*.

I have accordingly hunted it up from the old pages of the *Monthly Repository*. It was the first of the small poems published by Mr. W. J. Fox in that periodical, and appeared in the year following his review of "Pauline," and the year previous to his review of "Paracelsus" — viz., in 1834.

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

SONNET, BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Eyes, calm beside thee (Lady couldst thou know!),

May turn away thick with fastgathering tears:

I glance not where all gaze: thrilling and low
Their passionate praises reach thee — my cheek wears

Alone no wonder when thou passest by;
Thy tremulous lids, bent and suffused, reply

To the irrepressible homage which doth glow

On every lip but mine: if in thine ears

Their accents linger — and thou dost recall

Me as I stood, still, guarded, very pale,

Beside each votarist whose lighted brow
Wore worship like an aureole, "O'er them

all
My beauty," thou wilt murmur, "did prevail

Save that one only:" — Lady, couldst thou know!

August 17, 1834.

Academy.

A WINTER SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

How calmly dost thou lie

In white-robed purity,

Thou sleeping Earth!

Where are the songs of Spring —

Where Summer's painted wing

And all her mirth?

No blossoms wreath thy brow;

Thy hills and valleys now

Are bleak and bare;

The little birds are dumb;

The bees no longer hum:

Yet thou art fair!

Thy boughs and branches shine

With radiance divine,

So pure and bright.

Who hath prepared thy bed,

And decked thy sleeping head

With crowns of light?

The Father from above
Thy snowy vesture wove.

The weary he
Into his rest doth take,
Until he bids them wake
To ecstasy.

Soon at the Springtime's birth

Thou shalt arise, oh, Earth!

With strengthened powers.

The Father's sunlight shed

On thee shall wreath thy head

Again with flowers.

ELLEN THORNECROFT FOWLER.

Sunday Magazine.

A REVIEWER'S REMORSE.

DEAR poet in a distant land,

Of whom I wrote that hard review,
Somehow, I know not why, I feel
Repentant, sir, concerning you.

"In proof" it seemed your just desert,

I never thought of pity then;

But now that Saturday is here

I wish it were to write again.

Though such contrition on my part

May seem a little quaint to you,

Who never meant — why, "bless your heart" —

To take it so *au sérieux*.

And as I write I seem to see

A wife with fingers in your hair,

Creep close, and whisper, "Never mind,

We love them, dear, so never care!"

Academy.

R. LE G.

SONNET.

THE whole day long the bright stars shine and burn,

And yet I see them not. Thus, oh, my God,
Thou shinest on my soul, and I, dull clod

Of earth, from thine undying light still turn.

All night fresh dews from Heaven fill mine urn:

Pure dews of peace and prayer and faith,
which I

Forget until the sun has drunk them dry.

For one pure drop in vain my soul doth yearn,

Athirst and faint with sin and arid doubt.

And all my life, from birth until the grave,

Within my heart a secret world I have,

And as I am, so is it foul or fair.

Alas! why do I look so little there?

Alas! why do I look so much without?

Argosy.

JULIA KAVANAGH.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH MONARCHY.

MORE than a generation has passed since the prince consort declared in a speech upon a public occasion that constitutional government was under a heavy trial. The popular imagination converted the phrase into a very different one, which the popular memory has retained. The husband and most intimate and influential counsellor of the queen was thought to have declared that representative institutions were on their trial. To be on one's trial may sometimes be a very heavy trial, especially when there is no great confidence in the verdict and sentence which may follow. To be under a heavy trial is the condition from time to time of all men and of all things human. The prince consort's words were used in the crisis and agony of the Crimean war, and he dwelt with emphasis on the difficulties which are inseparable from our Parliamentary system, and from that last result of civilization, a free newspaper in a free country. During a period of war and of negotiation secrecy is essential, and it is all but impossible. The prince said nothing which had not been urged with emphasis by the Duke of Wellington nearly half a century before. Wellington in the Peninsular war had to carry on a Parliamentary as well as a military campaign. Napoleon, he said, could run great risks for the chance of decisive successes. No one in France could censure or recall him. But Wellington could not afford to lose a single battle, and that was why he never lost one. He could only fight when he was certain to win. His successes were cavilled at and minimized by perhaps the most unpatriotic opposition that ever played the part of a doleful chorus to a great drama which had a kingdom for a stage. His strategy and tactics were adversely criticised by politicians who had not even the bookish theories of Othello's arithmetical lieutenant. As Chatham boasted that he had conquered America in Germany, so the rump of a faction hoped to conquer Downing Street in Spain. The consequence was that Wellington had to keep almost as close an eye upon the movements of Parliamentary parties at home as on the

movements of Napoleon and his generals in the field. He had to know not only the divisions of a battle, but divisions in the House of Commons. Defeat meant recall. To these considerations, quite as much as to any peculiarity of his own genius and character, was due the exaggerated caution with which critics, competent from the military point of view, but not understanding the political conditions of the problem he had to solve, sometimes reproach him.

The purpose of the prince consort's speech, though he did not, so far as I know, refer to the precedent of Wellington's campaigns, was to point this old moral. It is no derogation from the authority of Parliaments, or from the legitimate influence of the free newspaper in the free country, to show forbearance towards and confidence in men engaged on their behalf in an enterprise of pith and moment. If you have a giant's strength you are not bound at every moment to be showing that you are gigantically strong. The House of Commons can at any moment make and unmake ministries. The obligation on it is the stronger to select only the right moment for making and unmaking them. Standing aloof from parties and representing the stable and permanent element in the constitution which is not affected by general elections, Parliamentary divisions, and votes of want of confidence, the prince consort in 1855 was probably the only man in England who could deliver with authority words which it was necessary should be spoken, but which nevertheless it required no slight courage to speak. The nation had been taught in a phrase, which perhaps contains as much truth as any one can reasonably expect to find in half-a-dozen words, but which certainly does not contain the whole doctrine of constitutional monarchy in England, that the queen reigns but does not govern. A speaker of the House of Commons once said that he had only eyes to see, and ears to hear, and a tongue to speak, what the House of Commons bade him see and hear and say. Similarly, the queen, it is thought, can only think and speak as the ministry of the day bids her think and speak. The

prince consort, however, as he did not reign, was supposed to be ambitious of governing; and his intervention in public affairs by speech or action was childishly resented.

In the five-and-thirty years which have passed since the prince consort spoke, a considerable change has come over public feeling; not the House of Commons, but the monarchy is on its trial, and the monarchy is on its trial before the House of Commons. In the debates of last session on the royal grants, Mr. Gladstone alone, of that party which deems that it has a monopoly of a near and long future, spoke with any recognition of the part played by the monarchy in the political life of England; and Mr. Gladstone, to whom, in the natural course of things, not many years of the long future of Liberal ascendancy can be granted, carried with him into the ministerial lobby only a handful of personal adherents. Polite phrases were used by Mr. Labouchere's supporters on the front opposition bench, which, however, amounted to little more than veiled good wishes for a peaceful euthanasia. The monarchy is dying. Long live the monarch. *Te moriturum salutamus.*

It is possible that that Liberal party of the future which is dreamed of, may not come to birth at all, or that the parturient Radical mountain may bring forth only a mouse. The course which will be taken by the newly enfranchised electors, who, if they are of one mind and choose to exercise the power they have, are the masters of England, is at present only a matter of speculation, of hope and fear. What an ancient writer says of war is as true of democracy, that it seldom adheres to the rules laid down for it, but strikes out a path for itself when the time comes. But though one thing only is certain, that the future will be unlike what any one expects, though events will take their own course, and will decline to be driven and pulled aside by whips and wire-pullers, instruments surely too ignoble for Providence or even a self-respecting destiny to employ, it does not do to be indifferent to the turn which attempts are made to give them. Still less is it safe to neglect more

general tendencies, which are real and operative, though they may be counteracted by others working in a different direction. Lord Melbourne lays down the doctrine that it is not safe to despise a book because its author is a ridiculous fellow; Lord Melbourne's precept was necessary for his own guidance, for he was a great reader, and to him all authors were ridiculous fellows. Parodying his remark, we may say that it is not safe to neglect a revolution even though it occurs in Brazil. According to the version which first reached Europe, an emperor who had done nothing wrong, a plant-collecting and beetle-hunting emperor, an emperor fond of dabbling in the smells and explosions which to some people make up experimental chemistry, a reforming and constitution-observing emperor to boot, was suddenly told to "move on and get out of this," put on board a ship, and sent across the seas. When, on Napoleon's proclamation that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign in Portugal, the royal family proceeded to the port of Lisbon, they were accompanied by a weeping crowd. The people of Rio Janeiro parted from their emperor with less demonstration of emotion than they would have shown to a popular actress or music-hall entertainer. He was left off like a suit of clothes which was worn out or had become unfashionable. Brazil was tired of being an empire, and wanted to be a republic. As the elders of Israel suddenly discovered that they must have a king like the nations around them, so the generals and politicians of Brazil have discovered that they must have a president like the nations around them.

This sudden dying out of the monarchical sentiment, its extinction by atrophy, is the wonder of the thing. Other monarchs have been deposed because they opposed their subjects, or resisted their will, or were centres of strife. But the empire had kept Brazil together. The Portuguese are not a race superior to the Spanish, yet, alone of Americans of Latin blood, their State during seventy years was free from civil war or social disorder. The emperor was ready to do everything he was asked to do, even to going away when he was asked

to go away. The fact is, I imagine, that by one of those secret transformations of feeling which go on for a long time without emerging into distinct consciousness, even in the minds of those subject to them, and then declare themselves suddenly and with a strange simultaneousness, the idea of monarchy had become in Brazil slightly ridiculous, the emperor had become an incongruity, and out of relations with his place and time. And though epigrams do not kill, a general sense of the absurdity of an institution may be fatal to it without expressing itself in a single epigram. The feeling may be unreasonable, the institution may have a rational basis, but, in a conflict between feeling and fact, the fact will get the worst of it.

There are traces here and there in England of the sentiment which, politically speaking, killed the emperor of Brazil. In the debate on the royal grants, a member who is popular, if popularity is to be judged of by escorting and shouting crowds, suggested that it would be desirable to terminate the engagement of the royal family at the death of the queen, to declare that the throne was vacant, and that there was no intention of filling it up. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who is sometimes witty and always jocose, has improved on the idea. Enraptured with the cashiering of an emperor in Brazil, which he apparently looks on as Fox looked on the taking of the Bastille, as much the greatest event that ever happened in this world, he proposes that a shorter shrift shall be given to monarchy than Mr. Conybeare was willing to allow it. He is for, in future, engaging kings and emperors on the terms of a month's warning or a month's wages. He thinks it a grand idea "that since the fall of the Brazilian Empire the new world, from the frozen north to the sunny south, is without a king or emperor, one hereditary grand duke or hereditary humbug of any kind." Emperors and monarchs are put up by people who have not the sense to see the uselessness of them, and children will some day ask, "What was a king, mamma?" and will be told that kings lived in the dark ages, but had disappeared. Even Mr. Gladstone, while suspending judgment on the merits of the

revolution, and eulogizing the character of Dom Pedro, expresses satisfaction at the example which has been given of revolution made easy, and holds up the Brazilian short way with monarchs for approval, in comparison with the long and bloody strife of former times. Formerly anti-monarchical sentiment expressed itself in the fervent Jacobin aspiration that the last king might be strangled in the bowels of the last priest. Now it takes the mild form of a month's wages or a month's warning.

Not merely baronetries and Cumberland estates, but human nature itself, we may remind Sir Wilfrid Lawson in passing, are hereditary institutions. Mental qualities, habits, and capacities are transmitted; and men whose fathers have for generations followed the same pursuits are likely to be more proficient in them than those who enter from different spheres. Allowance must of course be made for exceptional cases of incapacity on the one side and capacity on the other, for the growth of new ability and the decline of old. According to the modern theory, certain qualities become imbedded in the organization and are transmitted along with it. In each man, so to speak, all his ancestors reside, and what is individual and special to him is the smallest part of the total life he bears about with him. In this sense Heine's lines are not true —

Es bleiben todt die Todten,
Und nur der Lebendige lebt.

On the contrary, the dead are more alive than the living. Moreover, the circumstances amid which the heir to a kingdom grows up give him at least the opportunity of being acquainted with conceptions of government and policy. The talk about him may often, and must sometimes, be of these things, as the talk of graziers is of bullocks and fairs, and of grocers of sugar, and possibly of sand. Franklin used to say that an hereditary legislator was as great an absurdity as an hereditary mathematician; anybody who will look in Mr. Douglas Galton's book on hereditary genius will find that hereditary mathematicians are not absolutely unknown in history. In truth, the speculations and

researches of Darwin and his predecessors and followers deprive the Franklin-Lawson doctrine of the axiomatic truthfulness which was once attributed to it, and if they do not reverse it, yet very gravely qualify it.

But a view may be true without being popular, and if monarchical government ceases to appeal to the imagination and to justify itself to the common sense of men, converts will not be made out of Darwin and Galton.

For a long time we have heard of the decline of the monarchical sentiment. Mr. Lecky, whose "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" is more alive with thought than any contemporary work of the same class, making it a storehouse of political reflection on which students and politicians may draw, traces this decline back to the early years of the eighteenth century. The number of disputed titles to the various European thrones, in his view, contributed much to weaken reverence for kings. Its decline forms, he says, one of the most remarkable political characteristics of the eighteenth century. The thrones of England and Spain, of Tuscany and Parma, the electoral crown of Poland and the succession to the throne of the young and, as it was thought, moribund king of France, were all disputed. Mr. Lecky assumes as a cause what is not a true cause. A disputed title to an estate does not involve or tend to produce a weakened sense of the sanctity of property. Just as little does a disputed title to a kingdom involve or tend to produce a decline of monarchical sentiment. Rather it assumes monarchy as an institution fixed and unassailable, though there may be uncertainty as to the individual monarch. The question, "Under which king?" implies that there is no question of anybody but a king. Respect for the office is not necessarily impaired because there is doubt as to the person.

If this had been otherwise — if the stability of monarchy had depended on the stability of the thrones of individual kings — it could scarcely have existed in England. It would certainly have disappeared long before the Commonwealth. The conflict between the house of Hanover and the house of Stuart was not the first, but the last, of a long series of struggles between kings in possession and pretenders to the throne. The history of England, so far as it is a history of the kings of England, is an almost continuous record of wars of succession, in the open field or by secret conspiracy, from the

Norman Conquest to the rebellion of 1745. The conflict between William I. and Harold, between the sons of the Conqueror, between Stephen and Maud, between Henry II. and his children, between Richard and John, and John and Arthur, between Richard II. and Bolingbroke, between Henry IV. and the partisans of the Earl of March, the Wars of the Roses, setting on the throne three kings of the house of York in sequence to three kings of the house of Lancaster, the victory of the adopted representative of John of Gaunt's line over the last of the reigning descendants of Lionel Duke of Clarence — the Lambert Simnel, Perkin Warbeck, and Richard Wilford conspiracies of Henry VII.'s reign, involving the unhappy Earl of Warwick, son of the ill-fated Clarence, in a common doom with two of these counterfeit princes; the real or imaginary conspiracies and the death on the scaffold of nobles of royal lineage and royal ambition, De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk and Strafford, Duke of Buckingham, and Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, under Henry VIII.; the brief mock-queendom of Lady Jane Grey, and the dangers which beset the life of the princess Elizabeth under Queen Mary; the Norfolk and Babington conspiracies under Elizabeth; the pretensions of Philip of Spain, who claimed the throne not merely as his wife's heir, but as the descendant of John of Gaunt, the Spanish Armada being quite as much a dynastic as a religious enterprise; the more formidable pretensions of Mary Stuart — all these things show that insecurity of title, and the fact, or constantly apprehended danger, of wars of succession, run through English history, from the Battle of Hastings to the accession of the first of the Stuart kings, from the eleventh century to the seventeenth.

The intervals of undisturbed possession and peace were comparatively rare and short. The doctrine of hereditary right was very loosely held; it inferred merely a preferential title, and was subject to the most fantastic evasions. The younger sons of William I. succeeded, in disregard of the claims of their elder brother. Henry I., indeed, affected to base his claims to the throne on the fact that, though not the eldest son of the Duke of Normandy, he was the eldest son of the king of England, being alone born after William I.'s accession. John's title was in derogation of the claim of the son of his elder brother. Henry VIII., with the authorization of his Parliament, made a testamentary disposition of the crown, entailing it,

as if it had been a landed estate, after his son, upon his two daughters, both of whom could not be legitimate. Edward VI. attempted by his "plan" to set aside this settlement in favor of Lady Jane Grey, on the ground of the bastardy of both his sisters. Under Elizabeth, an act of Parliament made guilty of treason any one who should declare any particular person, other than the natural issue of the queen's body, to be entitled to the throne. The hereditary title, on the queen's death without children, was in the house of Suffolk, the descendants of Henry VIII.'s elder daughter, and, on grounds of policy, they were set aside for the Stuart family. An hereditary title to the throne is firmly established now, by act of Parliament, in the descendants of the electress Sophia; but the principle in its strongest form dates from the eighteenth century, in which it is strangely said to have been impaired. There seems to be little ground for contending that in England the monarch was ever held to rule by divine right, at least by any other divine right than that which sees the benediction of Heaven in actual possession; *beati possidentes*. It was not much heard of till the accession of James I., and was used by him to supplement a notorious defect of hereditary title, which he was unwilling to strengthen by an acknowledgment that he owed his throne to election by the nation. The fact is that James I. was king of England by a kind of adoption, not altogether dissimilar to that which prevailed under the Roman Empire, and with the working of which M. Renan is so well pleased that he would like to see it introduced into the public law of modern Europe. The extreme doctrine of divine right which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Richard II. is an anachronism. It belongs not to the fourteenth century, but in germ perhaps to the closing years of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth, to the Tudors and Stuarts; and not to the Plantagenets. In the words:—

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord—

it is noticeable that it is not the hereditary title, but election by the Lord, the consecrating balm and not primogeniture and rule of birth, on which an inalienable right is based. So in Hamlet, the usurper and murderer, Claudius, avows himself safe in the shelter of that divinity which doth so hedge a king that treason can

but peep to what it will. A subject and courtier of Elizabeth and of James I. could not identify divine right with hereditary title, in which they were lacking. Elizabeth, indeed, during the Essex rebellion, is said to have detected incentives to sedition in the story of Bolingbroke's adventure, and to have exclaimed, "Know ye not that I am Richard II.?" But if we are to suppose that Shakespeare was writing as a politician and not as a poet, it must be kept in mind that his politics, if they were not, as is sometimes contended, those of the house of Lancaster, were certainly in succession those of the houses of Tudor and Stuart, whose title was through the house of Lancaster. Till near the close of the fourteenth century of our history, the doctrine that the king never dies, expressed in the formula of the French monarchy, "The king is dead; long live the king," did not prevail. The reign of the new monarch was supposed to begin, not on the day of what is now called his accession, but on the day of his coronation; the interval between the two was often a lawless anarchy, and the king's peace died with him. The inconvenience which this state of things produced when any considerable interval elapsed between the death of the king and his coronation made it necessary to adopt the system which recognizes no interregnum. But the older usage shows that the divine right of the king, so far as it existed, was in the office, and not in the person; that it was conferred, not by hereditary title, but by popular election and divine sanction, by the acclamations of the people, whose voice was, in his case at least, recognized as the voice of God, by coronation and the consecrating balm. It was the anointed king, the deputy elected of the Lord, who ruled, and not the inheritor by rule of birth, though the two qualifications usually cohered in the same person.

If, therefore, the monarchical sentiment in England is impaired, its enfeeblement cannot be attributed to the decay of ideas which never had any hold of the national mind. The superstition of divine right and of an absolutely indefeasible hereditary title was never a popular superstition. It was a kingly belief in the mind of James I., a bookish theory with Sir Robert Filmer and Sir George Mackenzie, surviving from the Stuart period to that of the house of Hanover in "Old Shippen," and in the eccentric and learned John Reeves. It was a royal dream, a clerical dogma, a university thesis, an antiquarian crotchet,

a legal pedantry, a branch of political speculation; but it was never the belief of the English nation. It sprang first, as I have before said, out of James I.'s desire to find another than a popular title to his throne, and was strengthened by reaction from the Parliamentary triumph over Charles I., from the Protectorate, from the Exclusion Bill, and from the Declaration of Rights and the Act of Settlement. The theories of De Maistre and Bonald had the same counter-revolutionary origin in France. In England the doctrine has seldom been more than militant, an affair of the closet and pulpit, of the university cloister or the lawyer's chamber, at most of the political pamphleteer and the opposition leader. The royalist superstition has disappeared, but not necessarily with it the monarchical sentiment.

Some change has, however, come over it even within the present generation, or during a yet shorter period, as any one may convince himself who will turn over the pages of the late Mr. Bagehot's book on "The English Constitution." When that little volume appeared, now about twenty years ago, it was received by many persons as a sort of revelation of the real nature of the institutions under which we live. Other writers had been detained in the outskirts of the temple; he had penetrated to its inmost shrine, and drawn thence the life of the building. They had been engaged in the forms; he had reached the substance. They had entangled themselves in the mechanism; he had laid bare the very pulse of the machine. "The secret of Mr. Bagehot" was this: that the English monarchy, in the character which it had assumed during the present reign, was a disguise for hiding the real elective character of the English Constitution. The House of Commons was, of course, openly elected by the constituencies. Ministers were nominally appointed by the crown, but they were really chosen by Parliament. The statesman who possessed in a higher degree than any other the confidence of the party which had a majority in the House of Commons was practically elected by that party to the premiership—that is, to the real, though temporary, chieftainship of the State—as certainly though not so formally as the president of the Federal Council in Switzerland (who is not, as he is commonly called, president of the Swiss Republic) is chosen for his yearly term by the Federal Assembly. The elected head of the State, the prime minister, chooses his colleagues, who are roughly designated for him by

the position they have attained in the House of Commons. The queen's business in the matter, allowing a certain margin for those personal accommodations, that reciprocal give and take, without which neither life in general, nor that particular branch of life called government, can be carried on, was simply that of graceful acquiescence.

In the main this may be a true account of the matter, though it had not, even when Mr. Bagehot wrote, quite the novelty which he and his critics fancied. Lord Macaulay and many lesser writers had said it all before. What Mr. Bagehot did was to re-state what were then, and had long been, the commonplaces of constitutional doctrine with a freshness and keenness of style and a copiousness of piquant illustration which gave them the aspect of discoveries, almost of revelations. His art was akin to that of the careful housewife in Burns's poem, whose skill gar'd the old clothes look almost as good as new. Rather he dressed the old truth in new clothes, and the tailor got the credit of having made the man. But the truth was not to be disclosed beyond the sacred but limited circle of the initiated who read Mr. Bagehot's essays as they originally appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, or in the volume in which they were afterwards collected. According to Mr. Bagehot, the poorest and most ignorant classes in his time really believed that the queen governed. The separation of principal power from principal station is a refinement, he says, beyond their power of conception. "They fancy they are governed by an hereditary queen, a queen by the grace of God, when they are really governed by a Cabinet and a Parliament, men like themselves, chosen by themselves." I doubt whether, even in the politically distant period at which and of which Mr. Bagehot wrote, this description was true. The poorest and most ignorant classes, strictly speaking, probably never troubled themselves as to how they were governed at all. Their speculations and imagination did not travel beyond their experience, which was restricted to the policeman at the street corner and the magistrate at petty or quarter sessions. The needy knife-grinder represents their state of mind. Mr. Bagehot constructed for himself a stage peasant or artisan whose *naïveté* he brings into subtle contrast with his own keen analysis.

If we advance beyond the poorest and most ignorant classes, the conception of royalty which prevails is, we fear, too gen-

erally that of the pot-house oracle, who denounces it as a useless and costly extravagance, the greatest of all our spending departments—a department in which there is great pay for no toil, and in which the sweat of the working man's brow is by a mischievous chemistry converted into fine clothes and sumptuous fare for them that dwell in kings' houses. Whether this view prevailed in Mr. Bagehot's time or not, there are many signs that it is prevalent now. Like the rustic in Virgil, who foolishly deemed that the city which is called Rome resembled his own little village, the field or the town laborer is persuaded that the government of the United Kingdom is simply an enlargement of the municipal or county government of which he has direct experience. To him the monarchy seems a mere appendage to this government, which could be detached from it without any harm, and even with advantage—an inconvenient fifth wheel to the coach, a flapping and fanning drapery getting itself entangled with the machinery and impeding it, and which it would be desirable to cut away. Within the memory of men still living it was customary to speak of the king's or queen's government. Now the phrase is never heard except as a decorous Parliamentary formality. "Mr. Gladstone's government" and "Lord Salisbury's government" have superseded both in work and thought "the queen's government." But if Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury is governor, what is the queen? If they are the real heads of the State, what is she? These words are not intended to describe the true theory of constitutional government in England, but the popular impression of it which school boards, an almost periodically extended franchise, local self-government in town and country, and neo-radical speeches have created. In it there is little place left for the monarchical idea.

Mr. Bagehot, whose doctrine has the fault inherent in all doctrines that are based on the necessity of disguise and false pretences in government, was not content with representing monarchy as a splendidly embroidered veil or screen behind which the prosaic realities of Parliamentary and cabinet government worked. It was in his view scarcely less essential that such political functions as the monarch still discharges should be hidden. He seems to have thought that it would be dangerous if the fact that the royal robes clothed a living person, and not a mere doll or puppet, became too widely

known. "The House of Commons," he wrote, "has inquired into most things; but it has never had a committee on the queen. There is no authoritative blue-book to say what she does." On the other hand, the queen in her dignified capacity was of necessity conspicuous. Her appearance on great state occasions, her function as a part of the pageantry of state, were spectacular. She was a part of the outward show of life, the largest contributor to that ornamental side of government without which it becomes dull and bare and uninteresting. Since Mr. Bagehot wrote, all this has been changed. What was private has been made public, what was public has been withdrawn into privacy. The first of a series of blue-books on the queen was published in 1875, just six years after Mr. Bagehot's essay on "The English Constitution." They were not called by that name, they were called "The Life of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, by Theodore Martin." Mr. Bagehot said that our own generation would never know, though a future generation might, how great and useful had been the part played by the queen and the prince consort—perhaps it would have been more correct to say, by the prince consort, in the name and with the authority of the queen—in the government of England. He thought it undesirable that the disclosure should be made.

Secrecy [he said] is essential to the utility of the English monarchy as it now is. Above all things, our Royalty is to be revered, and if you begin to poke about it, you cannot reverence it. When there is a Select Committee on the Queen, the charm of Royalty will be gone. Its mystery is its life; you cannot let daylight upon magic. We must not bring the Queen into the combat of politics, or she will cease to be revered by all combatants. She will become one combatant among many.

All that Mr. Bagehot thought ought not to be done has been done deliberately, and with the queen's own sanction and authority, in the five volumes of "The Life of the Prince Consort." The "august and unknown powers" of the constitution have been exposed to the same close scrutiny as "the known and serviceable powers." At the same time the spectacular part of the monarchy has been retrenched, and almost entirely abolished.

What is the effect of this double change on the public sentiment? There is naturally some grumbling at a spectacle which is paid for, but not exhibited, at a theatre,

the doors of which are almost always closed. As regards the direct action of the crown in public affairs, the cognizance of it vouchsafed to her subjects by the queen has been nearly simultaneous with the growth of the idea that the directly representative element in the constitution ought not simply to be predominant, and in the long run decisive, but exclusive, and at every stage in the conduct of affairs the sole power.

The House of Commons obeys the imperative mandate of the constituents. The ministry is the creature and instrument of the House of Commons. The right of any power not thus directly commissioned by popular suffrage to take part in affairs is rudely questioned, and seems to be submitted to only by way of contemptuous tolerance for a survival, not destined to be of long continuance, from an older state of things. The attitude practically enforced by the queen and the prince consort upon the ministry during the American Civil War may have been wiser than that which Lord Palmerston, and Lord Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, if left to themselves, would have taken; the court may have been right with the masses, when the Cabinet, or its most influential members, were wrong with the classes. On the other hand, the feeling of the court towards the Italian movement for unity and independence may have been less generous and sagacious than that of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell. But the point now raised is whether the queen had the right to be in the right against a minister possessing a majority in the House of Commons — whether it is within the province of a constitutional monarch not to share the error of the minister of the day, and to impose caution upon him in foresight of the wiser opinion which the people will entertain to-morrow. Of course there is the perhaps even chance — let us, for argument's sake, say the greater probability — that when they differ the minister will be right and the monarch wrong. Even so, divergence of opinion, though the divergent opinion may be erroneous, may be an advantage as ensuring deliberation, and the attentive weighing of all sides of a question, before action is taken. Nevertheless, to a public incapable of entertaining more than one idea at a time, this is a hard saying. The admission that the principle of representative government is in modern societies of European race an essential principle, is converted into the very different doctrine, that no power ought to exist in the State

which is not derived from direct popular election. A more sagacious political philosophy and practical statesmanship have been put into language of admirable clearness by Mr. J. S. Mill. Censuring the politicians of a certain French school, from which the new English Radicalism seems to have drawn its inspiration, who are for deducing everything from a single principle of government, and eschewing everything which does not logically follow from that principle, Mr. Mill says: —

Inasmuch, however, as no government produces all possible beneficial effects, but all are attended with more or fewer inconveniences; and since these cannot be combated by the very causes which produce them, it would be often a much stronger recommendation of some practical arrangement, that it does not follow from the general principle of the government than that it does. Under a government of legitimacy, the presumption is far rather in favor of institutions of popular origin; and in a democracy, in favor of arrangements tending to check the impetus of popular will. The line of argumentation, so commonly mistaken in France for political philosophy, tends to the practical conclusion that we should exert our utmost efforts to aggravate, instead of alleviating, whatever are the characteristic imperfections of the system of institutions which we prefer, or under which we happen to live. (*System of Logic*, vol. ii., p. 521, third edition.)

It is the fate of Mr. Mill to be praised by the politicians who affect to be his disciples, and to be neglected by them. He himself is almost a unique example of a man who in quitting the closet for Parliamentary life remained true in the House of Commons to the doctrines which he had thought out in his study. With others a change of pursuits seems not to be complete until it issues in apostasy. If Mr. Mill's doctrine be sound, and in theory it will scarcely be questioned, it follows that the inevitable defects which inhere in the representative system of government require to be checked and counteracted by arrangements based upon other principles. The practical difficulty in the way is of course this, that the predominant power in a country is always ambitious to be the sole power; and that, when forces do not exist strong enough to impose checks upon it, it is seldom in the mood to impose restraints upon itself. A power strong enough to give effective assertion to its own just rights is usually strong enough to assert more than its just rights. Democracy is as little tolerant of rivals near its throne as despotism. The period at which a just balance is established be-

tween the old and the new powers, the powers which have long been in possession and the powers entering on possession, is usually, as time is counted in history, but a moment—that is to say, a generation or half a century. In England we had this balance from 1832 to 1868, or let us say to 1885. Now things are tending to the ascendancy of a single power in the State, the House of Commons, and to that of a single class in the community, the working classes.

That, in the present state of England and most European countries, practically the whole adult nation must be included in the representation, with or without distinction of sex, and with such conditions of durable residence as it may be expedient to enforce for the exclusion of the mere waifs and strays of society—the vagabondage, in the literal sense of the term, of the country—what in Switzerland are called the homeless classes (*heimathlos*), can no longer be disputed. The theory is in the ideas of the time, and, moreover, it is an established and irreversible fact. That within this system representation should be in proportion to numbers—that is to say, that groups numerically equal should return an equal number of members—an arrangement which prevails in Germany, France, Switzerland, and the United States, but to which only a very imperfect approach has as yet been made in England—follows logically from the democratic principle now established; and even here, where facts follow logic with but a lame and halting foot, will no doubt presently be realized. This one man one vote doctrine implies that every vote and every man shall count for as much as every other, and carries with it the principle of equal representation among constituencies numerically equal, and of the equal power of each vote within those constituencies—that is, of proportional representation as advocated by Mr. Hare, Mr. Mill, and, among men now engaged in public life, by Mr. Courtney. Whether logic and equity in this matter are destined to prevail over habit and prejudice he would be foolhardy who should predict. The principle has been discredited by the phrase, “representation of minorities,” which untruly describes it, and at present expresses the means, not the end, which is the proportionate representation of the majority. Now, as frequently happens both in England and the United States, a large majority in the constituencies may return a small majority to Par-

liament, or a minority of voters may return a majority of representatives. This is, of course, in direct contradiction to the democratic principle that the majority must rule; but this is not the worst. Our system makes it possible that the great bulk of the nation may, on particular questions, one after the other be overruled by infinitesimal fragments of it. The two great political parties may be nearly balanced, as they almost always are. In this case, a handful of fanatics or theorists, by selling its support to the candidates who will pledge themselves to its particular crotchet, may, under the present conditions of English political life and morality, succeed in securing the return of a majority of members pledged to their political crotchet. This has been the tactics of the opponents of the Contagious Diseases Act, it is the tactics of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his local optionists, of Mr. Champion and the Eight Hours Bill agitators, of the antagonists of compulsory vaccination, and I know not what besides. It is thus quite conceivable that a minority of, say, three hundred thousand voters might succeed in carrying a project opposed to the opinions and feelings of three millions.

In former times, the House of Lords might be trusted to throw out a measure which came before them under these conditions. But, under the tyranny of the democratic idea, wrongly interpreted, the House of Commons is disposed to resent the vindication by the House of Lords of the real opinions of the majority in the Commons as against their false professions of opinion; and the doctrine that no institution has a *locus standi* in politics which is not based on direct elective representation, is diffusing the same sentiment in the country. On great questions which divide parties an appeal may be made from the House of Commons to the country by a general election. But in the case supposed, both parties are tarred by the same brush, and at any rate the ministry in power derives its majority from the clique against whom it would, in the case supposed, appeal. Moreover, a general election would simply bring the same instrumentalities for the falsification of opinion into play once more.

The royal veto is even more completely out of the question than the rejection of the bill by the House of Lords. But why may not the country at large have the opportunity of imposing its veto upon a measure which represents, not its own convictions, but the successful electioneering tactics of busy and unscrupulous or-

ganizations, and the cowardice and want of principle of political candidates and leaders? Supposing an Anti-Vaccination Bill or an Eight Hours Bill to become law in the circumstances which have been supposed — and it could scarcely become so in any other — why should not an appeal be made, on the principle of the Swiss referendum, to the general sense of the country? The sovereign of the country, standing aloof from political parties, would naturally be the person in whom, when there was reason to suppose that the voice of the nation had been falsified in the Parliamentary representation, this right of appealing to the nation at large would be vested. Instead of the merely formal assent, "*La Reine le veut*," or the obsolete form of veto, "*La Reine s'avisera*," we should have at the initiative of the crown the decision, "*Le peuple le veut*," or "*Le peuple s'avisera*." The trouble and inconvenience of frequent and vexatious appeals to the country on individual projects of legislation would prevent needless recourse to the referendum. But under our present Parliamentary system, I do not see what other means exist for relieving the country from the domination of coteries and factions, which are able to turn the scale between the two parties in favor of projects which both parties and the country disapprove, and from the danger of snap votes on questions vitally affecting the constitution and the future of England in a Parliament returned on a great variety of issues other than that assumed to be decided at the general election.

To take a critical and proximate instance: if an ostensibly Home-Rule majority should be returned two or three years hence to the House of Commons, it will consist largely of persons whose constituents care little or nothing about Home Rule, but who think that a Home-Rule majority and ministry will be a Welsh or Scotch disestablishment majority or ministry, a local option and licensed victuallers' disestablishment ministry, an Eight Hours Bill ministry, a land nationalization ministry, an anti-vaccination ministry, a ministry, not of all the talents, but of all the fads and all the crotchets. On a matter such as this, there should be a means of taking the sense of the people of England, simply and directly and without the intrusion of such side issues as deflect the votes at a general election even though the appeal be nominally made only on a single point. The coarse bribe offered in the phrase "Home Rule will help these

things, and these things will help Home Rule," expresses the lowest degradation of general politics, and implies a system of more corrupting purchase and sale than was ever practised by Newcastle or Walpole. Even on the referendum demagogic incentives would be freely plied, and endeavors would be made to induce men to vote on the simple question of the Union or of separation with an eye to other questions. Electioneering tricks, however, would be practised under greater disadvantages than at present, and there would be an appreciable increase of probability that the nominal issue would also be the real issue on which the vote would be taken.

The monarchical system is not essential to the referendum, since it exists in Switzerland, both in its individual cantons and over the confederation as a whole, and, I believe, in some of the States of the American Union. But monarchy offers the conditions on which it could best be exercised. The president of a republic necessarily represents the party in power, and he would not appeal to the country against what is his own policy. The same remark applies to the prime minister under a system of Cabinet government such as ours. No doubt it might be arranged that the referendum should be adopted, if a certain proportion of the electors of the country, or if either, or both, of the two Houses called for it in petitions or memorials; and this scheme might be useful as an alternative in default of the spontaneous action of the sovereign. But the easiest and promptest method would be by the direct action of the king or queen. This would to some extent take the operation out of the hands of the wire-pullers and managers of factions, the producers of machine-made opinion.

Those who believe that the monarchy in England is worth maintaining hold that it is, as compared with the immense cost of presidential elections in the United States and of the administrative mechanism of France, a cheap form of government; that it is, what is yet more important, a pure form of government, the choice lying between hereditary sovereignty, or an elective and temporary monarchy by purchase, called presidency; that it familiarizes the public mind with the idea of other public interests than those of rival parties and factions; that it gives dignity and splendor to the forms of government; that it aids the conception of an England which is more than the soil on which some forty millions are strug-

gling, succeeding, and failing—an England lying between a glorious past and a hopeful future, of which the men of to-day are simply the living link; that it ensures the presence in immediate contact with affairs of one who has, at least, had an opportunity of following them continuously through a generation, it may be half a century, while ministers have come and gone and have but fragmentary and interrupted acquaintance with them; of one to whom questions of State, domestic and foreign, are, or ought to be, what the price of stocks are to City men, and the price of fat oxen to farmers.

These considerations, simple and elementary as they are, are yet truths of reflection rather than of simple inspection. The prevalent idea—that no one has a right to exercise any functions who has not been chosen to them by the vote of a majority, can only be qualified and corrected by the conclusive proof that the functions which are thus exceptionally tolerated are real functions, and that they are obviously exercised for the benefit of the country. The maxim of payment by results will be applied to the monarchy, except as regards the numbers of the younger and remoter members of the royal family, of whom the supply may exceed the demand, with the economic and political consequences involved in it. The old jealousy of a king who should attempt to govern as well as reign still subsists, but it is accompanied by a contempt for a king who reigns without governing, and a disposition even to question the title of a new king so to reign. As a matter of fact, English kings and queens, even under our Parliamentary system, and not exclusive of the first two Georges, governed a great deal more than is commonly supposed, and the disclosures made in the memoirs of Stockmar, and in the life of the prince consort, of the active part played by the queen and her husband in public affairs were received in some quarters with misgiving. This jealousy, however, is not likely to be excited when the governing power of the king is seen to be the instrument of giving more effect to the direct voice of the people in their own affairs, in correction of its possibly factious misinterpretation in the House of Commons, and of substituting in certain cases the popular assent or veto for the royal assent or veto in projects of legislation.

The Parliamentary history of England during more than two centuries has been so splendid and useful, it forms so brilliant an epoch in history, that there is difficulty

in believing that it requires readjustment to altered social conditions. Its supremacy tends to become independence of the nation, its omnipotence an all-meddlingness; instead of representing the will of the nation, there is danger, a danger which the reduction of the septennial to a quinquennial or triennial term would increase, that it may represent, turn and turn about, the accidental predominance, possibly of a factious minority, or even of a balance-turning clique. These evils have declared themselves elsewhere. In England it is held that the annual meeting of Parliament is essential to freedom, and it is secured by the fact that the taxes are taken only for a year, and by the annual passing, now a little altered in form, of the Mutiny Act. In many of the States of the American Union it is expressly provided that the legislature shall meet only every second year, and then for but short periods, in order to limit its opportunities of law-making for the sake of law-making. In other States the referendum exists, and the subjects which lie within the scope of the legislature are strictly defined. As regards the Congress at Washington, its functions are limited under the Constitution by the legislative rights of the several States, and by the interpretative power of the Supreme Court, as well as by the executive authority. As a Parliament, in one sense the House of Representatives and the Senate have almost ceased to exist, the real work of legislation being done by small and manageable committees, whose decisions are usually accepted without revision or discussion.

In France, though the Parliamentarians triumphed at the last general election, so far as the majority returned was concerned, the Revisionists of different orders ran them close in the popular vote.

In Germany, the parliaments of the empire and of Prussia, and of the several States, are very limited as compared with the functions of the legislature in England. Here the supremacy of Parliament is in danger of becoming the supremacy of a caucus and a dictator, overriding the general sense of the nation, to which there ought to be some mode of authoritative appeal.

The principle of the referendum, or appeal to the people, at the initiative of the crown, on particular issues, seems the best mode of counteracting this danger. A constitutional reform of this kind would be at once the crowning of the democracy, and the democratizing of the crown. If we are to have a king of England in

future, he must be, like one of his Stuart ancestry in Scotland, the king of the commons, by which I do not mean of the House of Commons. He can no longer afford to be simply the head of the classes, the chief of society in its conventional sense, the culminating point of the aristocracy. He must belong to the whole people, to the masses, as well as to the classes. Frederick William IV. was not a very wise ruler; but he said a wise thing when he declared, on his accession, that as crown-prince he had been the first of the nobles, but as king he was the first of the citizens, of Prussia.

The great evil of the monarchy is the social flunkeyism of which it is the centre, the abject snobbism which it produces, the base servility which radiates from it in circles ever widening. If this evil were inseparable from it, it would go far to balance its political advantages. Numbers of persons read with increasing contempt and amusement the announcements of the *Court Circular* that the queen or the Prince of Wales has ridden or walked out, "accompanied" by this, that, or the other small German princeling, and "attended" by some great English noble or exalted English lady. The apparatus of lords-in-waiting and women of the bedchamber does not stir veneration. The American feeling, often pushed to limits which go beyond the requirements of a legitimate self-respect against personal or menial service, is affecting English sentiment. Great dukes do not now contend which of them shall air and which of them shall put on the shirt of the king, which shall hold the basin in which he washes his hands, which shall pour water on them, and which shall hold the towel—for one reason because we have no king. But it is pretty certain that when the expenses of the court have to be revised, the payment of a nobleman and gentleman for discharging menial functions about the sovereign, or for pretending to discharge them and not doing so, will be sharply overhauled. It is probable that by that time a feeling may have grown up which will make English gentlemen hesitate or refuse to accept relations other than those of English gentlemen towards the sovereign, who in this relation is nothing more than the first of English gentlemen. Under the early Roman emperors, the humblest Roman citizen would have felt himself dishonored at the idea of his filling a place about the person and in the household of Cæsar—in fact, the idea could not have occurred. These posts were therefore left, often with

disastrous political and social results, to slaves and freedmen. According to Burke, the natural taste of kings and princes for low company, due perhaps to the impulse to throw off completely the restraint of ceremony, made it expedient to give household places to great nobles. Whatever the advantage of this system, which in its time may have had its uses, the public feeling now revolts against the spectacle of menial dukes and duchesses, lord high footmen, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Gilbert's last opera, and lady chambermaids or kitchen-maids. English royalty must not merely be seen in the discharge of public functions which cannot so well be performed by any other institution. It must also be seen to be the monarchy of the whole people and not of the upper classes only, and must disentangle itself from those conditions which reduce English nobles and ladies to the rank of menials, acting in an ignoble farce of low life above stairs.

FRANK H. HILL.

From Murray's Magazine.
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.
AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A SUNDAY DINNER-PARTY.

MISERABLE though Marcia was when she thought of the bereavement which was about to be inflicted upon her, she pursued her daily round of so-called pleasures with a countenance which betrayed little or nothing of her inward sadness. To conceal our feelings is a lesson which most of us learn early in life, and she had learnt it, notwithstanding her small natural aptitudes in that direction. Moreover, she could not and did not expect any sympathy from those about her. Even Miss Wells, after wiping away a tear, was fain to confess that it was high time for Willie to be placed under stricter discipline than she was able to enforce. "He is a dear boy," she said, "and it breaks my heart to leave him; but the truth is, Mrs. Brett, that he is growing too big to be controlled by women. Men are our natural masters, and they know it, and a boy of nine is a little man—that is, if he is worth anything. You need not be afraid about him; he is brave and honest, and if he earns a few whippings, as I dare say he will, he

has sense of justice enough to submit to them, and be all the better for them."

All this was very true and very sensible; but it did not console Marcia, who was quite aware that her son was at least as capable as other women's sons of finding his own level. What weighed upon her heart day and night like a load of lead was the knowledge that henceforth she must be utterly lonely. Neither Miss Wells, nor Eustace, nor anybody else, would have understood why Willie's impending departure should make her dread the future; she herself only understood it after a vague sort of fashion; but the dread was none the less real, because it could not be talked about, and was not susceptible of strict definition.

Two days after Lady Hampstead's garden-party, her husband said to her: "I have asked George and Caroline to dine with us on Sunday. As your friend Mr. Archdale is to come, two additional guests will not entail much extra trouble. I don't know whether you have invited anybody else."

Marcia shook her head. "I thought you objected to Sunday dinner-parties," she answered, "and it is too late now to look out for some kindred spirits to meet George and Caroline. How they will enjoy themselves!—and how we shall enjoy having them!"

"Strange as it may appear to you," said Mr. Brett, "it is a pleasure to me to see my brother and his wife from time to time. They do not, of course, belong to your set, and naturally their company is not agreeable to you. However, you will be able to talk to the artist, who does, I suppose, belong more or less to your set. As we shall be an uneven number, perhaps you might request Miss Wells to join us at dinner."

"Oh, by all means," answered Marcia. "It is rather hard upon poor Miss Wells; but, fortunately, she has an inexhaustible supply of patience and good-nature."

Marcia's own supply of those excellent qualities was not inexhaustible, and her sister-in-law had long ago reached the end of it. Lady Brett (the banker had, for some reason which may have been as good as another, received the honor of knighthood) was a devout woman, whose liberality and charity had earned renown for her in certain circles, and who, like some other devout persons, were liberal and charitable in a pecuniary sense only. She was sorry for poor Eustace and had an exasperating way of showing how sorry she was for him. Of his wife's conduct

she was unable to approve, nor had her conscience permitted her to refrain from expressing disapproval thereof. Consequently, there had been family dissensions, followed by half-hearted reconciliations and a prolonged period of armed truce. As for Sir George, he was sorry for his brother, as successful men are apt to be for those who have not proved successful in life. To end one's days as a mere police-magistrate, when one might have been a wealthy banker, is doubtless a melancholy result of wilfulness; but Sir George was very magnanimous about it, never reminding Eustace of bygone prophecies which had been justified by events, and endeavoring to conceal the contempt which he could not help feeling for a broken-down aspirant to high honors. Of the two, Marcia infinitely preferred Sir George. He was purse-proud, overbearing, and, with regard to any subject unconnected with business, ludicrously ignorant and stupid; but at least he was not malevolent. Caroline, on the other hand, had the sour spitefulness which is not uncommon among rich women who have no children, and who have failed to make their way into society. Caroline affected to rail at society, and, in so far as she was able, kept a watchful eye upon her sister-in-law's proceedings. It was this, more than anything else, that made Marcia hate a lady whom her husband respected, or pretended to respect; and certain previous experiences caused her to believe that Lady Brett had been asked to dinner for the especial purpose of keeping a watchful eye upon the proceedings of Mr. Archdale.

Now, although she was quite wrong there, for her husband would as soon have thought of opening her letters or looking through the keyhole of her door as of setting anybody to spy upon her, she was not mistaken in imagining that it was Lady Brett's intention to study the handsome artist carefully. Through some channel or other—Heaven only knows how women manage to hear of these things, but they always do hear of them—Lady Brett had received information to the effect that Mr. Archdale had been somewhat marked in his attentions to Marcia, and if there was anything of which Lady Brett was as sure as she was of death and of her own ultimate translation to a higher sphere, it was that sooner or later Marcia's flirtations would have a tragic end. That being so, it might have seemed to a person of logical mind a waste of labor to fight against the inevitable;

but Lady Brett thought that one should always do one's duty, however little chance there might be of earning a temporal reward thereby. And indeed it was on that account that she was dining with her brother-in-law on Sunday, notwithstanding the many good reasons which she had for withholding her countenance from any desecration of the day of rest.

Not being predisposed in Archdale's favor, the good lady thought it just like his impertinence to be half an hour late and to offer no apology for having kept his seniors waiting. When he was presented to her, she made herself agreeable by remarking, "If you had been dining with me, Mr. Archdale, I should have given up all hope of you some time ago."

To which he replied imperturbably, "Oh! do you go in for punctuality? Well, if you ever do honor me with an invitation to dinner, I'll bear it in mind."

He could not understand why he had been asked to meet these people, and he was not a little disappointed when he found that nobody else was expected. Surely Mrs. Brett could not have supposed that it would amuse him to take part in the general conversation; yet she must have known that with only six people assembled round the dinner-table it would be impossible for him to talk to her privately. However, he was placed on her right hand, and if he was precluded from talking to her as he could have wished to talk, he did not at least feel bound to talk to anybody else. Miss Wells ate her dinner and forgave him; for Miss Wells, who was over fifty years of age, preferred a good dinner to any intellectual treat which this young disciple of Meissonier might have been able to afford her. Moreover, the dinner was excellent, and Marcia was charming. She very soon gave him to understand that the company was not of her choosing; from time to time she made some remark to him in an undertone which caused him to feel that he already stood upon the footing of an intimate friend, and she favored him with a slight grimace while Sir George Brett, with slow and pompous utterance, discussed the various schools of painting of the epoch.

Sir George, whose absolute ignorance of art was accompanied by the courage which traditionally belongs thereto, said some marvellously foolish things, but said them with such perfect and evident self-satisfaction that nobody possessed of the faintest sense of humor could have felt annoyed with him for being a fool. Un-

like his wife, he saw no reason to snub a budding celebrity, and even went so far as to hint that he had still room for a picture or two in his country house. "Not very big ones; but yours are never very big, are they, Mr. Archdale?"

"They would be, if it were the custom to pay us by the piece," answered Archdale; "but as that system hasn't been adopted yet, I stick to small canvases and large frames."

"Yes, yes; a small canvas will hold a good many figures, and so will a small cheque," laughed this Mæcenas of a banker, with an encouraging nod, while Lady Brett, from the other end of the table, remarked dryly that the cost of a picture is not necessarily a criterion of its merit.

All this was disagreeable enough to Marcia, who made such amends to her guest as it was in her power to make. These he appeared to find satisfactory, and it did not interfere with his comfort in any way to be aware that on the opposite side of the table was seated a plain-featured, middle-aged woman who was staring at him with an unfriendly air and straining her ears in vain to catch his whispered words. By his way of thinking, ugly old women were simple nonentities. What could it possibly signify whether they liked or disliked you? It was sufficient for him that a young and beautiful woman was exerting herself to please him, and what gave him a much more severe snub than Lady Brett could ever have inflicted upon him was that when Willie appeared, together with the dessert, the young and beautiful woman seemed suddenly to lose all consciousness of his vicinity.

The brat (it was thus that Archdale mentally stigmatized this intruder) was kissed by his aunt, and surreptitiously wiped off the trace of the salute with his sleeve while making his way round the table to his mother's side. Then Sir George, who had had as much champagne as is required to promote good-humored jocularly, caught him by the ear, and said, "Well, young man, so they're going to chuck you down into the bear-pit, I hear. High time, too! If you haven't learnt how to use your fists yet, the sooner you learn the better."

Willie smiled shyly and slipped away without answering. He knew instinctively (as boys always do) that this loud-voiced uncle of his did not belong to the fighting variety of the human species, and he did not care to protest that he was ready for

any future conflicts which might be in store for him.

But Marcia's cheeks reddened and her eyes sparkled; for her brother-in-law's speech seemed to her cruel and brutal.

"Schools are not bear-pits," she said.

"Ain't they though!" returned Sir George, laughing. "Well, I can't say what they may be nowadays; but I know what they were in my time. Tossed in a blanket till you knocked your head and knees against the ceiling, and kicked round the playground till you were black and blue all over — eh, Eustace?"

"I do not remember to have passed through any such experiences," answered Mr. Brett, in his matter-of-fact way.

"Oh! you don't, don't you?" returned his brother, slightly disconcerted. "But then your memory is failing you, my dear fellow! I've noticed that in many things. I remember passing through plenty of experiences of that kind — and worse ones too."

"How you must have howled for mercy!" remarked Marcia. Then, fearing lest she should be betrayed into saying something unpardonable, she made a hurried signal to her sister-in-law and left the room.

Miss Wells slipped quietly away to the schoolroom. Miss Wells passed for being a simple creature — and so, perhaps she was — yet her simplicity was not so great but that she could perceive the imminence of a row, and at her time of life she preferred to keep out of rows, when that could be managed. Her evasion was not commented upon. The two sisters-in-law seated themselves side by side in the drawing-room and prepared for that conflict which was renewed as often as they met, and in which the advantage remained sometimes with one side, sometimes with the other. On the present occasion, Lady Brett had more than one weapon ready to her hand, and she picked up the first with manifest satisfaction.

"I am so glad," said she, "that Eustace has made up his mind to send Willie to school. Undoubtedly it is the right thing to do."

"Has anybody suggested that it was the wrong thing to do?" inquired Marcia.

"Oh, that of course I don't know. I was afraid that you might be opposed to it — which we should all have been sorry for. Children, I think, ought not to be looked upon as mere playthings. It is very necessary to remember that in a few years they will be men and women, and

that their future must depend to a great extent upon their early training."

"How funny it is," remarked Marcia sweetly, "that the people who have no children of their own always know so very well in what way other people's children ought to be brought up."

A slow flush mounted into Lady Brett's sallow cheeks. "I do not pretend to be an authority upon such subjects," she returned; "but I have eyes and ears, and I do not require to be a mother in order to understand that the social atmosphere of this house is not the most wholesome in the world for a growing boy."

"You are very flattering, Caroline. I didn't know that this was an immoral household; but since you say so, no doubt it is so; for you are never wrong. I myself have a tolerably clear conscience; but I can't answer for Eustace, because I never question him as to how he spends his time. Of what particular sin do you suspect him?"

"If all men were as good Christians and as good husbands as Eustace," returned the other, who was but an indifferent fencer, "the world would be better and happier than it is. As you know, I said nothing about immorality, nor should I think of using such a word unless I had convincing proof — but no matter. Feeling as I do about the sanctity of the marriage-tie, I must and do feel that it would be a sad pity if Willie were tempted to think lightly of it at an impressionable age — that is all."

Marcia, after the fashion of women, lost her temper at the very moment when she might have routed her adversary by keeping it. "You are vulgar and insulting, Caroline!" she exclaimed; "it is your nature to be so, I suppose. Yet I should have thought that even you might have had more human feeling than to imagine that any mother would teach such a lesson to her son!"

"Oh, my dear, I am sure you would not teach such a lesson intentionally," Lady Brett replied, delighted at the success of her thrust; "but, fortunately or unfortunately, example is always a more powerful instructor than precept. I should not in the least mind your calling me vulgar if I could open your eyes to what everybody else sees, and what Willie, amongst the rest, cannot help seeing. Flirtation may seem to you an innocent thing — I am willing, for the sake of argument, to admit that it does — but it does not seem so to other people, and when you are perpetually

inviting young men, such as Mr. Archdale, for instance, to your house —”

“I have never flirted in any way whatsoever with Mr. Archdale,” interrupted Marcia indignantly. “It is your own horrid imagination that always makes you suspect evil where none exists. I can’t cure you of the disease from which you suffer, and I don’t mean to try; but this I can tell you, Caroline: you may spare yourself the trouble of interfering with me, for it isn’t the fear of my being blamed by you that will make me give up any friend of mine.”

Lady Brett closed her eyes, shook her head slowly, and smiled. This was what she usually did when at a loss for a retort, and certainly no retort could have been more effective. By the time that the men came in from the dining-room, the two ladies had exchanged some bitter speeches, and one of them was in a thoroughly reckless temper. Partly upon the principle that one may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, partly because she wished to scandalize her husband’s censorious relatives, and partly because she felt that Archdale was the only individual present from whom she could hope for either kindness or justice, Marcia at once devoted herself to the young artist, whom she led away into a corner, and who was only too glad to be given an opportunity of conversing with her apart.

Nevertheless, he did not, apparently, take much advantage of this privilege, and Lady Brett, if she had heard what he was saying, might possibly have been a little disappointed. His talk was chiefly of the foreign lands in which he had sojourned; he spoke with enthusiasm of Italy, and especially of Venice, which he declared to be the most enchanting spot in the whole world. “That is, supposing that one can be there with the companion of one’s choice. Of course, all places depend more or less upon the company in which one visits them.”

“I was there with my husband,” remarked Marcia. “He was ill at the time, and it rained every day. I can’t say that I have a very pleasant recollection of the place.”

“Oh, if it rained and if — well, I dare say Venice wouldn’t suit Mr. Brett particularly well.”

“No place suits Eustace, except London. And London for him doesn’t mean the London that I live in.”

“And like?”

“I am not quite sure. Sometimes I think that I like it, and sometimes I feel

as if I would give anything to get away from it and never see it again. As you say, all depends upon the company that one is in, and though there are plenty of nice people in London, there are a good many horrid ones too.”

It was not necessary for her to specify the horrid people. He could guess that some of them were not very far away at that moment, nor was he contradicted when he observed that one’s relations, generally speaking, were apt to be horrid. And, if he did not tell her in so many words that she was the person of all others with whom it would be a delight to him to float across the smooth, sunny lagoons of the Adriatic, she understood well enough what he refrained from saying, and the vision which he conjured up before her mind’s eye was not displeasing to her. It was never displeasing to Marcia to be appreciated; perhaps that is never displeasing to anybody.

Eustace Brett was appreciated by his sister-in-law — or, at any rate, she assured him that he was. She said she often felt so very sorry for him. “I know how you must hate the life of perpetual racket which Marcia enjoys, and I know your health is not in a state to stand it. Sometimes I think that you are almost too indulgent a husband, Eustace.”

She was a stupid woman and she did not in the least comprehend the character of the man to whom she was speaking. Yet, offensive as any strictures upon his wife were to him and little as he was disposed to encourage them, they influenced him in some degree.

“The perpetual racket does not affect me,” he answered coldly; “for I take no part in it. It is natural that Marcia, at her age, should find pleasure in amusements which have ceased to give pleasure to a man of mine.”

But in his heart he thought, as he had always thought, that a good wife will like what her husband likes, and it vexed him to know that disinterested on-lookers did not consider Marcia’s conduct to be that of a good wife.

Lady Brett, in no wise discouraged, continued to condole with him until her carriage was announced, when she woke up Sir George who had dropped asleep over the *Observer*. It was a mere accident that Marcia, whose back was turned, did not notice the rustle of her sister-in-law’s dress and that her husband had to cross the room in order to call her attention to the fact that her guests were waiting to take leave of her; but the effect

was to make her appear as though she had forgotten the presence of any guest save Mr. Archdale.

"So sorry to interrupt you, dear," Lady Brett said; "but I won't keep you a moment. Good-night."

Then kisses were exchanged, and as Mr. Brett, in his old-fashioned way, offered his arm to Caroline to escort her downstairs, Archdale took occasion to remark smilingly, "I'm afraid your relatives don't think much of me, Mrs. Brett."

"Oh, if you are a friend of mine, that is quite enough to make them hate you," answered Marcia impatiently. "Perhaps you had better go away now. I am going to be lectured for not having been sufficiently civil to them; though, Heaven knows! I did my best."

CHAPTER VIII.

WILLIE STARTS IN LIFE.

FROM the evening when he had dined in Cornwall Terrace Archdale allowed no chance of meeting Mrs. Brett to escape him — which is as much as to say that he met her at least once in every twenty-four hours. He found out what her engagements were by the simple and direct process of asking her; and the rest was easy enough, for he had a large acquaintance. Moreover, he was something of a celebrity, so that there was no great trouble about obtaining invitations from people whom he did not happen to know. Her face, he noticed, always brightened when he approached her; he had had experience enough to recognize and understand certain symptoms which were perceptible in her speech and manner, and he felt pretty sure that he was on the highroad towards success. That there was anything dishonorable, ungenerous, or unworthy of a gentleman in the kind of success that he coveted never occurred to him for a moment. He saw no harm in such philandering; he did not believe in anybody's constancy, least of all in his own, and he foresaw without much distress of mind the inevitable day when his dear Mrs. Brett would grow tired of him — always supposing that he did not first tire of her. Meanwhile it was delightful to sit with her on staircases or in secluded recesses, to watch the play of her features, and to divine her thoughts.

Probably, if it had been in his power to divine those thoughts accurately, some quarters of an hour of mortification would have fallen to his lot. He would have discovered that Marcia was greatly taken

with him, and liked him better the more she saw of him; but he would likewise have discovered that he did not by any means occupy the first place in her mind or heart at the time. The truth was, that while she was listening, with a smile upon her lips, to the pretty things which he knew so well how to whisper, she was more often than not counting the days which still remained to her before the arrival of a date which seemed to bar the perspective of the future as a thundercloud blots out a landscape, and if by taking a final farewell of Mr. Archdale she could have gained the privilege of keeping Willie with her for another six months, Mr. Archdale would doubtless have been dismissed to form attachments elsewhere without hesitation.

But fate offers no such bargains to hapless mortals, and in due course the dreaded morning came when Willie's portmanteau was packed and when his mother, issuing from her bedroom (where she always breakfasted), found him waiting for her in the hall with Mr. Brett, who was for once absenting himself from his magisterial duties. Marcia had hoped that he would delegate to her the task of conducting her boy to Farnborough; but he had informed her on the previous evening that he proposed to accompany them. There were one or two points which he had omitted to mention to the head master on the occasion of his former visit, he said. So there he was, with his hat on his head and his watch in his hand, and although the only words that he uttered were "Good-morning," his face added as plainly as possible, "For goodness' sake make haste, and whatever you do, try to exercise a little self-control for the present. Surely it cannot be necessary to begin crying already."

But Marcia could not keep the tears out of her eyes, nor could she trust herself to speak. It was easy enough for Miss Wells to put a brave face upon this parting, she thought, rather unjustly; what did Miss Wells care? Miss Wells was, no doubt, sorry to lose her pupil, possibly also to lose her situation; but that was a very different thing from the loss — the irreparable loss — which the boy's mother was about to incur. Nobody understood, nobody could understand her misery — unless it might be, in some faint degree, Willie himself.

Whatever may have been the limits of Willie's comprehension, they were probably somewhat wider than his elders imagined them to be, and his mother's

character (which so little resembled his own) was in many respects no mystery to him.

On the way to the station he comforted her with reassuring glances and smiles, while Mr. Brett consulted his watch, and fidgeted, and called out to the coachman to drive faster. Some men, it is said, can go under fire for the first time without experiencing any nervous disturbance, whereas most of us feel pretty sure that we should be a good deal frightened under such circumstances, though we may be permitted to hope that we should not disgrace ourselves. The soldier who does not know what fear is, and the boy who on leaving home for his first school is free from an inward sinking of the heart, are perhaps enviable persons; but there seems to be no particular reason why they should be admired. Willie Brett, in whose small body there was courage enough to meet all emergencies, did not belong to the above exceptional class, so that it was a little hard upon him to have to keep up somebody else's spirits as well as his own. However, he did his best; and if he could not manage to talk quite as much as usual, that was of the less consequence because Marcia was incapable of responding.

The journey could not be anything but a miserable one; happily it did not last very long. Mr. Brett read the papers and cleared his voice from time to time (he had a way of clearing his voice at frequent intervals which always irritated his wife's nerves); Marcia gazed out of the window with sad eyes which saw nothing; and Willie, sitting silent in a corner of the railway carriage, with one leg tucked under him, revolved many thoughts in an active mind. Then came the drive to the school and the reception by the head master, a brisk, athletic looking clergyman, whose manners had not the good fortune to please Marcia.

"Oh, we won't eat the young gentleman up, Mrs. Brett," said he, with a good-humored and compassionate appreciation of the maternal misgivings which his practised eye at once detected; "he'll soon make friends with the boys, and if he doesn't make friends with us masters it shall not be our fault, I promise you. Would you like to take a look round the playground and the schoolrooms? No? Well, if you want to catch the next up-train, you haven't a great deal of time to spare, I'm afraid. Pocket-money? Well, no; we don't think it desirable to make distinctions between the boys in that matter. We give them sixpence a week each

— subject to deductions for misconduct, from which I hope that my friend here won't suffer."

Marcia sighed and replaced her sovereign in her purse, while Mr. Brett remarked gravely, "I think sixpence a week should be ample." He never disputed his wife's right to dispose of her money as she might see fit; but he had a strong opinion that Willie ought not to be brought up as the son of a rich man. He withdrew a few paces in order to inform the schoolmaster of his wishes with regard to certain matters of detail, and so came that dreadful moment of leave-taking which it is cruel to prolong.

Well, there was not much to be said, and the poor little man needed all his fortitude when he felt his mother's warm tears dropping on to his cheeks. She squeezed a small parcel into his hand—it was a miniature of herself which she had had taken a short time before, and which represented her as the beautiful woman that she was. "Good-bye, my darling!" she whispered; "you won't forget me, will you? I shall always be thinking about you—always! I don't know how I shall live without you; but I don't want you to be miserable; I want you to be happy. And, Willie, if you ever—if you ever—" she had to stop for a moment and choke down her sobs. "If you ever do anything wrong," she resumed presently, "you mustn't be afraid of me, because I'm not good either, and I shall understand—and—and—I love you so—"

Poor soul! her parting gift and her parting words were characteristic enough. They got her out of the house somehow, and when she regained some command over her senses she was seated in the fly beside the cold, matter-of-fact man whom she had once promised to love, honor, and obey—a ridiculous engagement, surely, to demand from frail human nature.

But Mr. Brett was not quite as unsympathetic as he looked. He certainly thought that his wife had made a rather ridiculous exhibition of herself; but the scene was over now and it had been no worse than he had anticipated, and he was anxious to say something consoling to her if he could.

"You must not take this so much to heart, Marcia," he began; "it is a great deal better for Willie to be with other boys than to be kept at home, you may be sure. It is not as though he were weakly and disinclined to play cricket. If he were, that would be another matter, no doubt."

"Oh, he will be happy after the first day or two," answered Marcia from behind her handkerchief. "It is just because I know that he is going to enjoy himself and have a jolly life that I am so wretched."

Mr. Brett felt constrained to observe, "That is rather a selfish sort of love, isn't it?"

"All love is selfish."

"I think not, Marcia; I hope not. It seems to me, on the contrary, that love, if it be sincere, must of necessity be unselfish. When we really love we forget ourselves and our own wishes——"

Marcia drowned the remainder of his sentence with an impatient laugh, broken by a sob. "One has heard all that!" she cried; "the copy-books informed us of it in our childhood. Why don't you offer me a few more platitudes? 'Be virtuous and you will be happy,' or something of that kind. You can be virtuous without being happy, and, what is more, you can be happy without being virtuous. All the copy-books that were ever compiled can't turn the world into a Paradise or do away with facts which stare everybody in the face."

Mr. Brett sighed. "I speak of what I myself experience and have experienced," he said. "I suppose that we all judge of others by ourselves, and I doubt whether we make any great mistake in doing so."

"Oh, if we start by knowing something about ourselves——however, I dare say you know a good deal about yourself. Only don't you think you may be making a little mistake in imagining that you ever loved anybody? I don't deny that you are capable of a good, steady, well-regulated affection for those who deserve it; but you couldn't feel much love for a sinner, could you? You would think that quite wrong."

He was hurt and aggrieved; but he made allowance for her. He perceived that she was so sore and so sensitive that, like a wounded animal, she could not help turning upon any one who tried to relieve her sufferings. "Well, well," he said, "we won't dispute about me and my capabilities; I am not very important one way or the other. Still there are many ways of loving, Marcia."

"Oh, what nonsense!" she returned, in the voice of an angry child; "there is one way and only one. If you don't understand what that is, so much the better for you! Please leave me alone, Eustace. By-and-by I shall be able to conduct my-

self like a civilized, heartless being; just now I really am not fit to be spoken to."

Mr. Brett could not dispute the truth of the latter assertion. He held his peace during the remainder of the drive, and did not speak again till two-thirds of the railway journey which followed had been accomplished. Grief is apt to be unreasonable, he thought, the grief of women is especially so; and the more violently it displays itself, the sooner it is over, as a rule. In another twenty-four hours Marcia would doubtless have become accustomed, if not resigned, to her loss; probably in the mean while it was best to comply with her entreaty and leave her alone. Nevertheless, when they were nearing London, it occurred to him to say,—

"You have not forgotten, I hope, that we are dining with my brother George to-night."

"With whom?" asked Marcia, starting out of her sorrowful musings. "With George and Caroline? Oh, I can't possibly dine *there* this evening——nothing would induce me!"

"Yet you accepted the invitation," observed Mr. Brett, with gathering clouds upon his brow.

"Did I? Well, I'll send an excuse as soon as we get home."

"I cannot sanction your doing that, Marcia. It would be an act of unpardonable rudeness, and I am afraid it would be considered a deliberate act also."

"Oh, dear no!" answered Marcia, speaking from the height of her superior social knowledge; "it is the commonest thing in the world for people to send excuses at the last moment."

"It may be, although I was not aware of it; but I am certain that in this instance it would give offence. And, however indifferent you may be to that, I do not wish to offend my brother. If you had refused the invitation when it came I should have been sorry, but I should not have interfered; as you saw fit to accept it, I must request you to keep your engagement." He added, with the air of overcoming some inward reluctance, "I ask this as a personal favor."

"Really, Eustace, it is impossible," answered Marcia. "It isn't because I dislike them, or because I want to go anywhere else, except to bed; but you don't know what Caroline is. She would say things to me about Willie which would simply drive me mad——I couldn't face her to-night. If you think they will be affronted by being thrown over, you can

go without me and say you left me in bed with a splitting headache — which will be true."

"It will be true, perhaps; but it will not be believed. There is one thing of which I should like to remind you, Marcia, because it will probably strike you as important. My brother George is very rich and he has no children. It is not unnatural to anticipate that he will make our boy his heir, provided that we can manage to keep upon friendly terms with him; but it is perfectly possible that he may decide upon a different arrangement, if we go out of our way to slight him. Now I will leave you to judge whether it is worth your while to have a headache to-night."

The appeal was scarcely skilful, and Mr. Brett, who had just observed that there are many ways of loving, might have known better than to trust to it. Marcia, no doubt, had a passionate love for Willie; but she considered that, what with his father's fortune and her own, his pecuniary interests were pretty safe, and as greed of gain was a weakness from which she herself chanced to be free, she looked upon it as an especially contemptible one.

"Is that why you submit so meekly to be patronized by George and pitied by Caroline?" she asked disdainfully. "Well, I hope you will be gratified by their leaving their money to you or Willie, and I dare say you will be; because they are much too just and righteous and merciful to hold you responsible for my sins. I can't make my head stop aching to please them or even to please myself; besides which, I doubt very much whether they would love me any better if I allowed them to trample upon me."

"Nobody asked you to do that," returned Mr. Brett, with some little irritation; "you are only being asked to make a small sacrifice, which you wouldn't think twice about if the question were one of your own amusement or advantage."

Marcia merely shrugged her shoulders without replying.

"I am to understand, then," said Mr. Brett coldly, "that you absolutely decline to oblige me?"

"I don't think you have given me any sufficient reason for obliging you," answered Marcia. "You can't really suppose that, if George has made his will, he will alter it because I once failed to turn up at dinner when I was expected. And, as I told you before, I am feeling too miserable to tolerate Caroline to-night. If I did go with you, the chances are that I should quarrel with her, and then you

would be sorry that you hadn't left me at home."

This consideration may have had some weight with Mr. Brett. At any rate he did not press his request further, and the colloquy ended then and there. However, on parting with his wife after they had reached home, he felt justified in saying: "I do not often ask a favor of you, Marcia, and I am sure you will be glad to hear that it will be a very long time before I break through my rule again."

From The Contemporary Review.

PHILOSOPHICAL BUDDHISM IN TIBET.

THEY who may have gathered their notions of Buddhism from Sir Edwin Arnold, or from the esoteric ecstasies of a theosophist novel, would hardly recognize their romantic faith, we fear, when observed in that vulgar field of operation — daily life and practice. In the sacred land of this religion, in Tibet, both the philosopher and the ploughman are to be met with, equally earnest in their respective paths of the "Doctrine;" but, alas! nothing in their faith or doings seems to correspond with the ideas we had preconceived upon the subject. The creed, which we were told had succeeded in marrying Science to both Mysticism and Poetry, appears before us in its coarse particulars. The philosopher is found to be a most unwashed and most unpoetical idler, who has never put the same interpretation on the doctrinal phrases of his books which his English admirers have painfully attached to them. The ploughman, too, is a most obstinate pagan, who has heard, in truth, of the great Kyapgon and the goddess Dolma, but knows nothing of Shakyamuni or Nirvana or *karma*. If you were to broach to them the theories of esoteric Buddhism, both would certainly declare that the Kusho was a monstrous learned gentleman, but his notions seemed to be neither those of the books nor those of daily observance.

Nevertheless, the Tibetan form of Buddhism comes direct from ancient India, and may claim to be as deeply philosophic as when it was taught and preached in Prakrit vernaculars in Magadha and Patalipura. In Tibet, more minds, more lives, more money, more ceremonial, more book-learning and book-writing, are devoted to the study and service of Buddhism — nay, infinitely more — than in any other country at the present day. Yet it may, with-

out hesitation, be roundly asserted that the Buddhism of most modern European writers on the subject is not the Buddhism, past or present, of Tibet — nor, indeed, of any other Eastern land.*

HOW THE DOCTRINES WERE REVEALED.

ALL the teaching and precepts of his religion are comprehended by the Tibetan Buddhist under the inclusive term Chhos (pronounced as it is spelt in Ladak, but in other parts of Tibet sounded more like *chhot*). But how was this Chhos first revealed to mankind? The conception of the early propounders of the faith seems to have been that their religion was an entirely new thing, first made known almost in their own time by Buddha Shakyat'ubpa, who, according to received chronology, probably lived *circa* 350 B.C. However, when treatises on the subject came to be elaborated in the early centuries after Christ, the Oriental love for piling up the ages and dating everything from infinity to infinity had to be gratified. So the Chhos revealed by Shakyat'ubpa was averred to be new only as regards the present *kalpa* or age in which we are now living. Kalpas or ages innumerable, of varying lengths, but mostly lasting eight to ten thousand years, had endured and passed away before the present era set in. Now, in each of the three ages previous to our own, it was taught that a different Buddha appeared, and instructed mankind then existent, and, indeed, all living creatures, in those self-same doctrines which Shakyat'ubpa had revealed in the current period. Later writers, however, did not stop here; but were fain to carry the date of the first appearance of a Buddha on earth back to earlier times still. They assigned similar teachers, therefore, to the three epochs preceding the last three; and thus declared Shakyat'ubpa himself to be the seventh of the earthly Buddhas. Mediæval mysticism, nevertheless, was not contented with these, and has enlarged the number to one thousand, inventing names for each one of them. Many of these, however, have yet to appear. But all the systems agree in teaching that at least one other Buddha has in any case

now to come, who will complete the revelation of Chhos made by his predecessors. The doctrine of the Buddha to come is not found in religious books written previous to the seventh century A.D. His name in Sanskrit works is Maitreya; and by Tibetans he is styled Jhampa (*Byamspa*), "The Loving One."

In the temples and monasteries of Tibet we find frequently effigies and paintings of the seven human Buddhas. However, we may remark that the term "Buddha" is hardly known in Tibet, and never used by the populace, Sang-gye, Chomdende, or Chowo Rimpoche, being the colloquial names current. Sang-gye ("The Increase of Purity") is the correct appellation; and the Tibetan names of the seven Sang-gye are: —

- I. Rnam-par Gzigs: "He who saw through and through."
- II. Gtsug-tor-chan: "He who had a crest of fire."
- III. Tams-chad Skyob: "The Preserver of All."
- IV. Kor-ba Jig: "The Dissolver of the Round of Life."
- V. Gser-t'ub: "Golden Might."
- VI. Od Srung: "The Guardian of Light."
- VII. Shakyat'ubpa: "The Mighty Shakyas."

THE AGE OF LITERARY BUDDHISM.

ONE commonplace error deserves here special mention. People have been deluded into assuming most exaggerated notions concerning the antiquity of Buddhism. Certain of its leading doctrines are indeed very ancient; but they were borrowed from Brahminism, which was itself but an Oriental variety of the speculative metaphysics of Greece and Egypt. Buddhism in its developed form, as it is presented to us in its sacred treatises, is really comparatively modern. Professor Max Müller, a decided partisan, frankly admits that the art of writing was not introduced into India at least until the first century before the Christian era. The earliest lucubrations never pretended to detailing anything like a statement of facts in the life of an individual founder of the Buddhist faith. It was only gradually that the lay figures, upon whom the philosophy of the system had been draped, were put forward in books which certainly were written after the Christian era had opened. These figures were by degrees merged into one pre-eminent personality — the Shakyamuni, whose life is portrayed with a certain amount of fitful de-

* We must except from our sweeping statement the Buddhists of Ceylon, who, singularly enough, in recent years, have permitted Europeans to re-teach them their old faith in its newly developed form as interpreted by Christianized modes of thought. Sixty years ago the Sinhalese priesthood were intensely illiterate; but presently European scholarship brought about a revival of learning in native circles. However, the Buddhism now imbibed was really a foreign importation — the product of the ingenious speculations and misinterpretations of European students.

tail in such works as the "Lalita Vistara" and "Abhinishkramana."

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF THE LAST BUDDHA.

THE Tibetan canon, following similar statements in Chinese works, seems to make the last Buddha a contemporary with King Asoka, who flourished *circa* 240 B.C. At any rate (in Kangyur, § Mdo, book xxviii.) that king, as a lad, is made to meet Buddha in his earthly existence begging alms in the mendicant capacity. We need not, however, emphasize this point, as most of our schemes of Indian chronology are the result of pure speculation, and rest on data derived from Indian authors, who are proverbially destitute of the chronological faculty.*

The family name of this Buddha of our own age was Gautama, the name by which he is commonly known in Burmah at the present day; and his personal name was Don-dub (Sanskrit, Siddharta). However, belonging, as he did, to the royal race of the Shakyas, his usual designation is that of Shakya-t'ubpa (Sanskrit, Shakra-muni), or Shakra the Mighty. In his human capacity he was the son of one Zá-tsang-ma, king of Kosala, and of Gyu-t'ulma his wife. He was born in the province of Oude in north India, at the city of Serkyá-i-dong (Sanskrit, Kapilavastu). The elaborate legends of later writers, however, aver his conception in his mother to have taken place through the miraculous entry into her side of a six-bodied elephant! The mother having died in child-bed, the young prince's early education was conducted by his aunt, who likewise acted as his wet-nurse. In due time he had bestowed upon him a wife, whose name was Sa-ts'oma; and presently he thought fit to take unto himself a second spouse, bearing the name of Rág-dzinma. A son was born to him, who received the appellation of Da-chen-dzin (Sanskrit, Rahula); and all things prospered with the young father, as became a prince full of power and pleasant occupation. He devoted himself both to gaiety and to royal sports; but every now and again problems concerning the object and miseries of human life obtruded themselves on his mind. At length an aged Brahmin who haunted the palace-grounds began to instruct him in the seeming realities of life, the illusion

of all around him, and the part which he was destined to play in the destiny of human affairs. Finally, having visited a village of poverty-stricken laborers, and noticed how wretched was their existence from birth to death, he resolved to abandon home and wife in search of the truth. He quitted his father's palace, and spent years in wandering and meditation. And thus, to shorten the story, he at length, after trial of various phases of asceticism and social communion, arrived at full knowledge of the Chhos, and conquered forthwith every desire for existence. Being then deemed completely victorious, he became Chomdende (Bhagavan), and practically fitted for Nirvana. Next, so far as can be gathered from many confused narratives, the hero frequented various set localities, which he turned into his preaching places. One place was styled the Vulture's Peak, another was the pleasure-garden of a king whom he had converted, and so on. His sermons were chiefly anecdotes of former Buddhas, with expositions of right thought and doctrine. Most certainly, however, not one-hundredth part of what is ascribed to Buddha's personal utterance and regulation was ever delivered by the hero himself. All the later writers, composing treatises five hundred years and more after his demise, put their effusions and speculations as proceeding from the very mouth of Buddha. In the end Shakra-t'ubpa retires to Kamarupa in Assam, and, attended by thousands of followers, dies of spinal disease under a pair of *sal*-trees. Thus he enters Nirvana.

THE TWELVE ACTIONS OR CHARACTERISTICS OF A BUDDHA IN THE FLESH.

1. Descending from the region of Dewachen.
2. Conception in the womb.
3. Birth from human mother.
4. Exhibition of physical skill.
5. Marriage and conjugal diversion.
6. Relinquishment of family ties.
7. Penitential and ascetic exercises.
8. Conquering the demons.
9. Emerging to be Buddha.
10. Preaching one hundred thousand sermons.
11. Dying a calm and natural death,
12. Deposition of body in various parcels as holy relics.

Sometimes these characteristics are expanded, or rather sub-divided, into an enumeration of a hundred and twenty-five *t'in-le*, or acts.

* Even King Asoka's date, as supposed to be fixed by the inscription on the Allahabad Column, is not beyond suspicion. There we read what are alleged to be the Pali names of certain contemporaries of Asoka; but these Pali synonyms are only generic, not individual, and might apply to later monarchs with the same dynastic names.

METENSOMATOSIS.

THE HOG — THE TAPE-WORM — THE CROCODILE.

THERE can be no proper appreciation of the elaborate fabric into which the dogmas of Buddhism have been built up unless it be remembered that one fundamental doctrine underlies their whole position. The whole rests upon a thorough acceptance of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls from body to body. Moreover, in holding this principle, Buddhism asserts, at the same time, another axiom — that between the souls of man and the lower animals there is no essential distinction, except perhaps a generic one, the body being merely the temporary lodging-house of the soul. Buddha's offer of a way of escape from the misery of life is expressly made to "all living creatures," not to human beings alone. Such a principle naturally follows from the transmigration theory; and in this the Buddhist is more logical than the Hindu, from whom he has borrowed the idea. To him — in doctrine, if not in practice — the lowest form of animal life is sacred.

When a person dies, the sum of his merits and demerits, acting one against the other, has naturally moulded his soul into a *karma*, which requires to be re-born into carnal existence, accompanied by a body properly suited to the worth and the wants of such karma. The karma (or *las*, as it is termed in Tibetan) is, therefore, the psychic development naturally ensuing from a man's actions and thoughts. Moreover the body proper to such new development of soul is not only that which the soul has fairly earned in its last-terminated career, but is even *the only material form* in which such a soul so shaped *could* make itself visible upon earth. The new body is merely the mode in which such a fresh development of soul must, as a physical necessity, manifest itself in fleshly form. In a word, that new body is *how the new soul looks when seen by mortal eyes*. A very pretty theory this, and one which, we believe, has been acknowledged on respectable authority to be highly scientific.

However, the sentiments, and especially the numerous illustrative anecdotes, to be found in the books considerably modify the philosophical exactitude of this theory.

Buddha Shakya-t'ubpa (though he be absorbed long ago into "the Void"), the Three Holies (namely, Sang-gye, Chhos, and Ge-dun), the gods Lhai Wangpo Gyá-

chyin (Indra), and particularly Chenráisi (Avalokitesvara) and Dolma (Tara), the special protectors of Tibet, have indefinite powers — according to the books — of changing, improving, or making worse, the particular condition in which any living being is to be re-born. Thus, in one narrative, an unfortunate individual has a vision, in which he foresees his next appearance upon earth will be in the form of a hog. He proceeds to bewail his fate with heart-rending and pithy word-pictures of what such a state of existence will involve. "Ah, me, a yard! O horror, a sty! O woe, to have to feed on dung all my days! Alas for the seats of the gods and their society at the solemn assemblies!" Hearing these lamentations, Indra directs him to cry for help to Buddha. This he does; and, happily, he finds his destiny altered.

There is certainly a fine sense of retributive justice in the theory which assigns a fresh life to a man strictly resultant upon his line of conduct in a past career; but the weak point would seem to be that in the new existence the soul is totally unconscious as to what brought it into its degraded or higher condition. Its desires and its happiness are adjusted to its present state. There remains no recollection of the life just concluded or of those that went before. One can, indeed, see a certain ingenious equity in the fate which in one Tibetan narrative is meted out to a loose liver among the lama fraternity. He is adjudged to be born next as a tape-worm in the bowels of his mistress; but, alas, how is that tape-worm ever to have the chance of bettering its existence? What instigations to higher aims, what desires after purer morality can it ever acquire in the entrails of this fair, but frail, enchantress? Nevertheless, were there remembrance of the fault in those subterranean regions — the consciousness that punishment was being inflicted upon one — who shall say that even a tape-worm might not strive to govern its dark doings with abstinence and rectitude?

Practically, however, we believe that the idea of the next life being a peculiarly repulsive one does, in even the sordid lives of Tibetans, exercise some wholesome control. One of the most munificent alms-givers at Tashi-lhumpo at the present day is said to be a merchant who for many years resided in Kham, on the Chinese border, and amassed a huge fortune by selling goods at unfair profit to the pilgrims to a neighboring shrine, as well as by usurious loans to them. This

rascal was visited one day by a lama of unusual sanctity. That worthy, having observed the roguery of the fellow's dealings, succeeded in terrifying him in a very thorough manner. He declared that he had had a vision in which it was revealed to him that the merchant, in his next period of life, would infallibly be born as a crocodile. However, he had also learned that charitable deeds during the remainder of his days might yet save him from the crocodile existence. The consequences of that revelation have been satisfactory. The repentant merchant for the last thirteen years has resided at Shigatse, and has, ever since, distributed weekly a dole in money to five hundred of the poorest and most deformed beggars outside the gates of Tashi-lhumpo monastery.

There can be no question that the leading doctrine of Buddhism is the theory of metempsychosis, and that without this doctrine as a foundation the entire superstructure would be without fulcrum or weight. All the preachments of Shakyat'ubpa and the writers who have invented his impossible one hundred thousand discourses derive their plausible force from the cycles of miserable life asserted to be in store for every living creature. Renegades from Christianity are eloquent with their mis-statements of what their cast-off faith owes to Buddhism. Christianity, at least, despised and repudiated this, the keystone and soul of all Buddhist philosophy. But even this foundation doctrine was borrowed by the Buddhists from the Brahminists, and by the Brahmins in their turn from the Greeks; for no Indian philosopher has been, or ever can be, anything but a plagiarist. Give him a striking thought, yielding scope to his talents for innumerable and useless re-arrangements, and he can indeed go on twisting a hideous chain of ingenious workmanship, reaching to infinity. But he cannot originate. He will go on without stopping; but *start* he cannot.

THE SIX CLASSES OF BEINGS.

THERE are six orders of living creatures into which the transmigrating soul can be born. They are classified in descending grades thus: (1) *Lhá*; or petty gods. (2) *Lhámayin*; or they who are not gods, but are still higher than men, and are ever fighting with the *Lhá* for a higher position on the sacred hill of heaven, Mount Sumeru. They correspond to the Indian *Asuras*. (3) *Mi*; human beings. But in many treatises we are told that all holy men, such as full lamas and hermits,

rank with the *Lhá*. (4) *Dhü-do*; properly only beasts, but presumably including birds and other lower creatures in the present classification. (5) *Yi-dak*; gigantic beings hovering between earth and hell, and, though not actually among the damned, yet living in torment. They are represented with huge bellies and with bodies some miles in length, but with tiny mouths, incapable of admitting any but the minutest morsels of food. (6) *Nyal-wa-nam*; the inhabitants of the infernal regions, who cannot regain a higher class.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

THE recipe which Shakyat'ubpa is alleged to have given for the cure of the sorrows and the pains to be found in every life takes almost the form of a syllogism. This syllogism, which has been variously quoted, may be thus arranged:—

All Sorrow and Pain are the result of Existence;
All Existence is the result of Desire;
Therefore, if all Desire be annihilated in the soul, Sorrow and Pain will no longer survive.

Accordingly, it will be seen that, in order to be rid of sorrow and pain, there can be no remedy but to escape from existence, or, as the Buddhist would frame it, from the orb of transmigration, from the unending circles of birth and re-birth in which it has become man's fate to be caught up and whirled round. When the desire for existence, which is supposed to include all other desires, has been completely conquered, then will man's soul attain entire deliverance from the burden of having to live; it will pass victoriously beyond (*bchom-lan-das*), and enter into the supremacy and sublimity of Not Being—of Nothingness—lapped in the everlasting embrace of Nirvana.

Thus, theoretically, does the philosophical ascetic of Tibet hold that *Stong-pa-nyid*—signifying “emptiness,” “vacuity,” “the void”—should be the chief product of all speculation, and the aim and end of all his aspirations.

NYANG-DAI, OR NIRVANA.

ONE can well conceive the reason why the enunciators of philosophical Buddhism fixed upon the abstract notion of Nirvana as the ultimate goal of the persevering saint. Any one with experience of Oriental peoples, especially that race inhabiting the district where the Buddhist creed was first born and developed, will confess that the one idea of the highest degree of

happiness they possess is that of rest — absolute, immovable rest. Let a Hindu lie as a log and sleep, he is then deliciously, intensely, happy. The Sanskrit term Nirvana means the absolute cessation of all motion and excitement, both of body and of mind, and this notion necessarily involves cessation of all personal existence. With the natural tendency of the Hindu philosopher to imagine nothing logical unless pressed forward to the utmost extremity, even though it involve the *reductio ad absurdum*, the Sanskrit Buddhist* made Nirvana his acme of absolute painlessness and rest.

Notwithstanding, every one who has associated with the common order of persons in a Buddhist country, will have discovered that none save the bookworms have any notion of the philosophical meaning of Nirvana. The synonym for the state of Nirvana in the Tibetan language is *Mya-ngan-las Das-pa*, contracted colloquially into *Myang-dāi* or *Nyang-dāi*; and the exact signification of these words is, "the being delivered from affliction." Now, that is truly what the popular conception finds in Nyang-dāi, or Nirvana; not annihilation, but only the fullest deliverance from all that is disagreeable in human existence.

The philosophical definition of Nirvana is, as indeed is nearly all else in the system, utterly inconsistent with other dogmas of the faith. Thus we have Buddha Shakya-t'ubpa, who is supposed to have achieved the state of Nothingness and Nirvana long ago, still spoken of as taking the deepest interest in living creatures, and with so much of feeling in his present disposition as to be accessible to, and even influenced by, their prayers. In fact, the Buddha in Nirvana has merely taken the place of the Jehovah and the Theos in the Hebrew and other faiths which existed long anterior to Buddhism.

BUDDHISM INVENTS A SUPREME GOD.

IN order to meet the difficulty just re-

ferred to, and realizing the contradiction involved in the notion of Buddha being in Nirvana, and yet attentive to our prayers, in quite the later days of Buddhist doctrine, a large party have formed a schism, and have invented what is styled the Adi-Buddha theory. In this new system a heaven has been created, where the spirits of Buddhas and Bodhisattwas are assembled previous to manifestation upon earth, or before absorption into Nyang-dāi. This region is named Dewachen, and it is presided over by a supreme deity, who in Sanskrit is styled Adi-Buddha, and by the Tibetans is known as T'og-ma Sang-gye, or else as Kunzhii Sang-gye. The accessories of this unorthodox doctrine are very obscure. The chief being is certainly prayed to by his votaries, and is held to rule especially over a new set of Buddhas, who had previously, by orthodox Buddhists, been considered as existent in the celestial regions. These celestial Buddhas are five in number, and under the name of Dhyani Buddhas have been long and universally believed in. For their origination, a single ray of light is said to have filtered out from Nyang-dāi, where it had sprung from the essence of all the Buddhas absorbed there, and on reaching the mansions of Dewachen the ray created five Buddha-like emanations correspondent to the five human Buddhas. The Dhyani Buddhas manifest the utmost interest in the concerns of the world. Sometimes their interest seems to be shown personally, but usually it is exercised by means of certain viceregents, one to each Dhyani Buddha, who are designated Dhyani Bodhisattwa. One of these Bodhisattwas is Chenráisi, special protector and tutelary deity of Tibet; another is Jam-pal, who has taken Nipal under his particular care. Personally the Bodhisattwa are saints who have attained to the position antecedent to Buddhahood, but they voluntarily forego the bliss of Nirvana out of philanthropy toward mankind.

THE FIVE DHYANI BUDDHAS, WITH THEIR CORRESPONDENT BODHISATTWA.

Buddha.

Bodhisattwa.

- I. Rnam-par Nang-mdzad [Vairochana]: Kuntuzangpo [Sumanta Bhadra].
- II. Mi-skyod Dorje [Akshobhya]: Dorje Chhang [Vajrapani].
- III. Dzinsten Jung-do [Ratna Sambhava]: Jampal [Manjushri].
- IV. Od-pag-med [Amitabha]: Chenráisi [Avalokitesvara].
- V. Donyod Grubpa or Rnga Sgra [Amoghasiddha]: Unascertained.

N.B. — The Sanskrit titles are placed within brackets.

* We use the term "Sanskritic Buddhist" advisedly; for there is strong reason to believe that, so far as India was concerned, much of Buddhism was mere

"book-religion," speculative rules placed on paper by enthusiasts, and never extensively put in practice.

TO REACH THAT GOAL.

To reach the ineffable state of Nothingness is, accordingly, in theory the long, long ambition which the true Buddhist carries with him throughout his circle of existences. He approaches it, he swerves, he falls back, he re-approaches, is nearly there, loses a step, recovers; and finally, by a splendid epilogue of meditation and self-denial and universal benevolence, makes the ultimate flight beyond. There are no numerical rules as to the multitude or fewness of the births to be previously undergone. There is no record of its having been attained in a single existence. Moreover, as it is impossible to know when any soul first entered on the round of transmigration, he who seems to gain Nirvana at one bound may possibly have been born in infinity previously. When a being has really made up his mind to reach Nirvana, he must attain by perseverance in the prescribed ascetic exercises to the various settled grades of perfection. He has, it must be noted, set himself apart from the ordinary mass of mankind, and entered the stream which flows from the external world to the port of discharge from all being and existence.

There are four stages of perfection defined by Tibetan Buddhists.

- I. Gyün-dhu Shü-pa: "He who has entered the stream."
- II. Len-chik Chhir Yong-wa: "He who comes back for one time more"—*i.e.*, he who returns just for one further period of earthly existence.
- III. Chhir Mi-yong-wa: "He who does not return"—*i.e.*, being in the Bardo, or Dewachen, but not prior to birth, but waiting for admission to Nirvana.
- IV. Da Chom-pa: "He who has conquered the enemy"—*i.e.*, conquered existence and desire, and has become an *Arhant*, or complete saint.

A BUDDHIST'S MEDITATION.

ATTAINMENT to the grades of perfection, and thence to saintship, is only to be acquired by the most complete abstraction from external objections and the profoundest internal contemplation. This must be persisted in for months—nay, if possible, for years together. Thus is the Buddhist hero gradually separated by his own earnestness from the world and its desires. He loses all notion of surrounding things; what we deem to be realities become to him sheer illusions.

Nothing *is*, but the idea he has set before him.

This systematic meditation is denoted in Tibetan by the general term *Gom-pa*, but, as Jaeschke, the Moravian missionary, has set forth, there are held to be three degrees of this mental concentration:—

- (1) *Tá-wa*, or contemplation.
- (2) *Gom-pa*, or meditation, properly so called.

- (3) *Chyö-pa*, or exercise and practice.

Contemplation is defined to be that state which is deaf to all sounds prevailing within one's hearing.

Meditation is that state which has no knowledge of the existence of oneself or surrounding objects.

Exercise and practice are attained when all desire vanishes (for the time) from the thoughts, and when even disgust and dislike of what a Buddhist ought to dislike no longer remain.

The actual modes of meditation are various. The commonest plan is to place a small image of Buddha, or the relic of a saint, or even the last letter of the Tibetan alphabet, before one. You are to gaze fixedly and immovably at this object, until every other idea is lost. You continue looking and drawing the object, as it were, into your very soul, until no impressions from the outer world seem to touch you. At length you gain an absolute inexcitability of mind and deadness to all that could impress you from without—a full absorption in the idea of nothingness, which Buddha is supposed to embody. This state of mental inactivity is termed *Zhi-lhak*, and whoso acquires that condition of mind has learnt the first lesson of Buddhist holiness. Observance of the moral laws, the Eightfold Path of Buddha, is as nothing compared to the practice of *Zhi-lhak*. Any lapse from these laws in ordinary life is amply atoned for by every occasion that this abstract state is reached; but he who is able to plunge himself into mental vacuity, and, we might fairly add, idiocy, merely by his own effort, unaided by any sacred object of contemplation, will soon be endowed with *Ngöi-dub*, or the supernatural powers of a saint.

There are various species of saintly meditation. The different schools of mysticism, such as the *Dukyi Khorlo* (Kalachakra), the *T'eg-pa Chhen-po*, and others, have each their own methods. In these systems minute directions are given for meditating on the inspired, or else on the expired, breath. They teach, for example, how, by dint of long-continued

practice, the power may be acquired of holding back the breath for an incredible length of time. By this inspiration the air is said to be drawn from the lungs into the blood, flowing through two veins near the heart styled *ro-ma* and *kyang-ma*, and thence to enter a main conduit, the *u-ma*; whereupon a delicious feeling of warmth, comfort, and uncommon lightness is experienced inside. This process is styled *tum-po*; and the Tibetan poet, Mila-räi-pa, relates several instances where the internal lightness and buoyancy thus acquired has permitted the operator to rise from the earth, and to float for several minutes majestically in the air.

Another favorite device for compassing the requisite depth of abstraction is to imagine some object known to be impossible in nature, and to survey that in the mirror of the mind's eye. The impossible thing usually recommended for this species of meditation is the horn on a hare's head. Contemplate this, pray, from all points of view, likening it to what is grand, noble, and yet simple. "In front," says Mila-räi-pa, "it is like a king seated on a cushioned throne; to the right it is as an officer waving a flag upon the hillside; from the left it is as a lotus in the marsh; from behind it is as the precious jewel of the doctrine appearing from the ground;" and so forth. A Tibetan poet can hardly be devoid of imaginative genius who is able to conceive pretty conceits upon this one-horned and most unpoetical beast.

BUDDHIST VIEW OF VIRTUE.

THEY who seek to instruct the general English reader in the mysteries of the Eastern creed make strong points in their expositions of the Four Noble Truths and the Eightfold Path to Virtue. Those, however, who have had any practical acquaintance with the inner life and opinions of native Buddhists of professed sanctity and genuine learning, soon can enlighten the inquirer as to the estimation in which that portion of the doctrine is held. Such saints rank the observance of the mere moral maxims as the poorest and least desirable of the attainments proposed to them. In fact, we have always found that whilst European investigators had seized on these moral precepts as pearls of great price amidst the general dross of Buddhist mauling, the accomplished Nal-jor-pa (Jogi) has hardly even known of their occurrence in his books. The truth is that our Christian interpretation of the word virtue incapacitates it and similar expressions from being rightly employed in ren-

dering what are supposed to be the corresponding phrases in Oriental literature. In fact, the highest manifestation of moral perfection amongst Buddhists is held to consist in the power of performing feats of jugglery. One who possesses the greatest virtue proves his claim thereto by the ability by which he can make things seem to others what in reality they are not. This magic power is styled *dzu-tul*, and it does not imply the capacity to perform substantial miracles, but, admittedly, the art of creating illusions such as shall baffle all attempts at unravelment. Thus Mila-räi-pa proves his sainthood by *appearing* to fly up Mount Tise astride upon a banjo-shaped tambourine. He lies down, moreover, on Lake Ma-p'ang and completely hides its waters with his body, and yet (it is distinctly stated) his body retains throughout the feat its proper size.

The ordinary Tibetan does not seem to vex his soul much as to what may be the next *ts'e-rab*, or period of existence, in store for him. He believes that his actions now will tend to shape the condition in which he is to reappear at his re-birth; and therefore he who is of a sober frame of mind possibly seeks to influence the fate of the future by rectitude of conduct now. But mere morality in his daily bearing seems to him to be of much less power in developing his after-destiny than the due performance of certain prescribed duties of a purely mechanical nature. Moreover, even these perfunctory acts of the regulation type are practised by him on account of blessings to be derived in his present life, rather than because of remoter rewards to be realized hereafter.

THE BARDO.

BETWEEN death and re-birth, a certain lapse of time is held to be necessary, and during that time the spirit of the departed exists in an intermediate state. We say, the *spirit*; but both the common and the philosophical belief is that the spirit is always accompanied by an immaterial body. Moreover, the spirit is clothed in this ethereal body, not only while it is separated from the grosser earthly envelope, but also during its various tenancies of material frames on earth. This immaterial body is *Gyu-lus*, "the body of illusion," and it passes into the intermediate state, giving a certain form to the soul whilst there. The waiting time previous to re-birth is termed the *bardo*; and to be quickly delivered from the bardo is the devout hope of every dying man of the Buddhist creed. There are terrors in

the bardo, and they are said to be unspeakable. Even the Buddhist soul shrinks from what is so near akin to non-existence; and yet he philosophically pretends to labor after the attainment of ultimate annihilation. Ah! the true soul of man is, after all, one common aspiration. We will exist somehow, somewhere. Nothing can hold us back from individuality and being. Even in Buddhism, annihilation has been invented, not for popular belief, but only, like the theoretical meeting-point of parallel lines in mathematics, to give a symmetry to a system which otherwise would have no logical ultimatum or terminus.

It would seem that the holiest of men are not exempt from undergoing the bardo. Even the souls of the high incarnate lamas, the heads of the mighty monasteries of Tibet, who are the transmitted *karma* of the greatest saints of Buddhist history, must stay there the allotted interval previous to reappearance. Nay, the spirit of the venerable Chenráisi, a Jang Chhub Sempa (Bodhisattwa), which so benevolently returns to earth to animate each successive grand lama of Lhasa, endures the bardo at every fresh transmigration. This period can never be less than forty-nine days, and may extend to several months. Prayers are prescribed for the shortening of this intermediate period, the appraisement of which seems to rest with Buddha Shakya-t'ubpa. Both the bardo and the prayers for its abbreviation are among the improvements introduced by later Buddhist doctors, not earlier, certainly, than the eleventh century A.D. Not unnaturally these and other points of resemblance between mediæval Buddhism and mediæval Christianity are claimed by several European theologians as the result of the missionary enterprise of either the Nestorian Christians in the earlier centuries, or the Roman fathers in later times. The bardo and the prayers for its short duration are absurdly analogous to the doctrinal teaching concerning purgatory. But that Christians could have derived their theories thereupon from Buddhism is unquestionably an historical impossibility. In the early Sanskrit works this intermediate period is not once even hinted at.

SOME CONCLUDING WORDS.

THE parallel which Arnold attempts to draw between the life of Christ and the career of the Buddha is as unfounded in actual fact as it is chronologically and historically impossible. Christ's life, as por-

trayed in the Gospels, had been given to the world long before the *expanded* editions of Buddha's career, including the supposed striking parallel facts, had been invented and put into writing. Max Müller, whose disposition is to give a greater antiquity than justifiable to everything Sanskrit, confesses that the art of writing could not have been known in India more than one hundred years before the Christian era. Most probably it was introduced even later. Now, the earliest accounts of Buddha are so slight and unpiecemeal as barely to individualize the hero as a distinct personality. Yet, on Max Müller's theory, they could hardly have been written more than a few years previous to the Christian Gospels. Later and later writings gradually evolve and drape with more and more substantial details a defined being out of the shadowy generalities of the earlier narratives. And when does Sir E. Arnold wish us to believe his Buddha, stolen from Seydel the German, was shaped? When were the works from which he has drawn his facts written? Certainly not earlier than the fourth century after Christ. The very nucleus of the Buddha biography, giving it the utmost antiquity possible, as we have seen, could hardly have appeared earlier than the dawn of the Christian era. And every frank student of Sanskrit literature must confess that the enlarged biographies, such as that in the "*Lalita Vistara*," evidently were written several centuries later. If, then, there exist these alleged parallels (as they were clearly in the case of Buddha put into form and announced in the Buddhist world some centuries after the Gospel narratives had appeared) it would seem pretty conclusive who were the copyists. Nay, if these parallel incidents are to be insisted on, the Buddhist authors of the enlarged biographies of their hero, it must be allowed, had certainly good opportunities for learning the facts of the life of Christ. The Syrian Christians—"the Christians of St. Thomas"—had been some time settled on the western Indian coast, in Travancore, when the later details were invented. If the most probable date of the appearance of the greater Buddhist writings be taken, we might say that the ancient Syrian Church had then held sway in southern and western India nearly two hundred years, even if we delay the formation of the Christian colony to so late a time as 300 A.D. Moreover, the latter would not lose any opportunity of circulating their tenets.

But, as a matter of fact, there is no

analogy in the *leading* occurrences of the two lives. One is a carpenter's son who passes thirty years of his early life in the round of daily toil in a provincial village. He is never married; leads an active life of practical temporal as well as spiritual benevolence; his doctrines are despised and unsuccessful during his life; and he dies a cruel and disgraceful death. The other is a royal prince, living, in his father's palace in the metropolis, a life of ease and pleasure; some accounts alleging immorality even, and dissipation. He is thrice married, and has also a son. After his conversion and perception of the truth, he leads, on the whole, an inactive meditative career; does nothing for the mere temporal relief of his fellow-creatures, believing all earthly comfort and help to be illusions. His doctrines are received with acclamation even by kings; and he finally dies a *natural death*, lamented by thousands, and buried with honors.* Any such general comparison makes the minor likenesses of petty details lose all their significance.

Another point which the ordinary reader deserves to have made clear to him is this. The original Buddha of the Buddhist religion and of the ancient Buddhist classics is certainly not the Buddha of Sir Edwin Arnold, or of your modern convert to poetical Buddhism. The Buddha of European and American enthusiasts is quite a fanciful creation of their own. It had no existence in either facts or doctrines in the minds of the original inventors and propagators of the old religion.

The truth seems to be somewhat this. We have all of us been brought up from the earliest childhood in an atmosphere saturated with Christian teaching. We may have been directly taught, and even personally touched, by Christian doctrines and their practical application in daily life. On the other hand, we may have had little real instruction on such subjects, and religion may never have made much conscious impression on our character. Yet, for all that, whether the teaching has been earnest or superficial, every European has been bred up in a society permeated with the results and feelings which centuries of Christianity have given rise to. Humanitarianism, charity, self-denial, purity, are all of them the offspring of Christianity, and have come to be recognized even by the irreligious and worldly as high and noble things, and as essentially part of any

religion. Thus is every man born and brought up in England, unconsciously or consciously, possessed of a mind impregnated with such preconceptions and feelings. His cast of thought is insensibly moulded by Christ's teaching, however much he may befooled with his lips the old faith now. And so it comes to pass that when he fain would discover or make for himself a religious hero or a god, he cannot help endowing him with the qualities and attributes which are inseparably associated in his soul with a spiritual ideal.

Apply this line of thought to modern Buddhism. There we find that the translators of Sanskrit works on the subject, who have had no Christian antagonism for the creed they concern, have yet had, as it were, minds evolved out of Christianity as well as Christian reminiscences, and have rendered expressions and sentiments in a high and ideal manner, which the Eastern originals were never intended to convey. Even renowned scholars, like Rhys Davids and Oldenberg — generally dispassionate and unsmitten with any taint of the new eclecticism — cannot help being led away in this direction. Meanings are given to words and doctrines such as would occur to the Christian-trained mind, but they are such as the Buddhist author and Oriental reader would neither conceive nor, uninstructed, understand. Thus, likewise, has the modern Buddha been created. He has been endowed (by the unscrupulous partisanship of new converts), either wilfully or unconsciously, with the character and sublimity of the Christ of their old faith. Accordingly, it comes to pass that the hero of this new and dilettanti religion is not the old Bhagavan and Shakya-muni of Indian conception, but a mystic hybrid, a modern ideal deity, a fanciful impossible Christ-Buddha, ingeniously compromised, but never existent.

GRAHAM SANDBERG.

From Time.

ROWLAND HILL AND PENNY POSTAGE.

THE 10th January, 1890, was the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of penny postage. Closely linked with the celebrations of the jubilee of penny postage will be the name of Rowland Hill. The late Sir Rowland Hill, by his own unaided efforts, raised himself from the lowest rung of the social ladder, to a position of such distinction that Mr. Gladstone declared that "he stood amongst all the

* According to the Sinhalese narrative, Buddha died from over-feeding upon pork.

members of the civil service pre-eminent and alone as a benefactor to the nation."

For the facts embodied in this sketch, I have relied on the biography of Sir R. Hill, published a few years ago.

Born at Kidderminster on the 3rd of December, 1795, Rowland was the third son of Thomas Wright Hill, a man of unusual character and peculiar habits, of whom it was said that "he had every sense but common sense." He was simple almost to a fault, trusting his fellow-men as much at the end of his long life of four score and eight years, as he had at the beginning. This is the characteristic of a real student, and a real student Thomas Hill inherently was. When at the age of forty he left trade, for which he was little fitted, to become a schoolmaster, he was by no means ill-adapted for the post. Sarah Lea, his wife, came of ancestry whose story is spiced with considerable romance. "As a theme for eloquence," wrote her husband once to Rowland, "you may sound the trumpet of past success and long experience in your *transcendent* mother." Rowland himself, never weary of recording her praises, could, even in his old age, scarcely speak of her without tears starting to his eyes. His father never appears to have been successful in trade. Rowland's earliest years were, therefore, spent in the stern school of poverty. The family lived in an old farmhouse called Horsehills, at very low rent, on account of its "being haunted," and bread, butter, and lettuces formed not an uncommon dinner with them. How they passed through such years as 1800, one hardly dares to think; so terrible was the dearth of 1800, that men could for many a year scarcely talk of it without a shudder. Nor did the fortunes of the Hills seem to improve when the father, at the persuasion of his wife, established a school at Hill Top, near Birmingham. Only by the practice of the most rigid economy were they able to maintain their position. Young Rowland, who was about seven years old at the time of the change, lacking the buoyant optimism of his father, even at this early age keenly felt anything that went wrong in the household affairs, and many were the plans which he—child as he was—discussed with his mother with the object of adding to the earnings of the family.

The part young Rowland had to play in domestic affairs sadly interfered with his education, while a severe attack of scarlet fever at the age of four, together with frequently recurring illnesses, formed a fur-

ther impediment. As a matter of fact, his regular schooling came to an end when he was twelve years old. He made up for this by deriving a mass of knowledge from his father, not in class hours, but in the daily intercourse of home life. Thus he acquired his love for astronomy, a study in which he became proficient, drawing up, a few years prior to his death, a paper on his astronomical researches. His father used to lecture on electricity, mechanics, astronomy, pneumatics, and the gases, and had a reflecting telescope that showed Jupiter's moons and Saturn's rings, a Hadley's quadrant, an artificial horizon, and a tolerably good clock. Rowland was his constant assistant, and as soon as he learnt anything set about teaching it to the boys of the school. Later he helped to found a literary and scientific association. At an early date he became a member of the Astronomical Society, in whose proceedings his interest was sustained to the close of his life. He discovered, when over seventy years old, some important errors in the address of one of the presidents. At the same time the young Hills—all of them fond of study—were deficient in many other branches which, if more commonplace, were none the less essential. No one was more conscious of this fact than Rowland Hill. So anxious was he to correct these defects in his education, that he felt it difficult "to resist the temptation of sacrificing physical to mental health—future strength to future fame." His great ambition was a university education, but unable to attain this he seized every opportunity of training his mind by the aid, amongst other means, of mutual improvement societies, debating clubs, and the like.

Rowland Hill's early and constant association with his father's school, gave him almost unconsciously general scholastic knowledge. Besides this, he appears to have possessed great receptive faculties, large capacity, and unwonted diligence and perseverance. His connection with the school was more from necessity than choice; still he entered upon the profession with his whole heart and soul. At all times Rowland Hill seems to have been animated by a strong desire to do something which should "better the conditions" of men, though he was not at all times able to define what that "something" was. Shortly before projecting his plan of penny postage, e.g., he jotted down eight schemes for the purpose of working them out. Whilst working with

his father his great aim was to make the school at Hill Top one of public repute, and in this he was helped by his brother Matthew until the latter left to make his way at the bar. Then Rowland had to think out by himself all their plans and schemes for reforming their own school, the education of England, and indeed of the world at large.

At the age of twenty-five Rowland Hill was the virtual head of the school at Hill Top, and from that period he commenced to initiate with his brother Matthew various kinds of reform. In 1813 a kind of speech-day — an exhibition they termed it — was started: penmanship, arithmetic, parsing, and so forth. These exhibitions proved very successful, and the boys became so proficient in mental arithmetic, through a method devised by Rowland Hill, that they excelled Zerah Colburn, the American mental arithmetician then on exhibition in England. "Our arithmetic," says the author of "Essays by a Birmingham Manufacturer," an old scholar of Hill Top, "was amazing, even excelling, by our laborious acquisition of mental arithmetic, the success of the present Privy Council schools." Rowland's next step in school reform was the institution of a court of justice. The judge, sheriff and keeper of the records were chosen monthly by the boys, the attorney and solicitor appointed by himself, while the jury consisted of six boys of approved good behavior, selected by ballot. The court sat once a week, but frequently there were no offenders. The sentences consisted generally in the forfeiture of premial marks, a certain number of which entitled a boy to a holiday; and the prerogative of mitigation or pardon was reserved to Rowland Hill. The system, so far as it went, really worked most satisfactorily, saving an immense amount of trouble in deciding disputes and investigating offences. A few months later he granted the pupils of Hill Top a *constitution* — an elaborate scheme for managing the school by an elected representative committee that had the direction of everything except the school hours and quantity of work. All teachers were *ex officio* members of this governing committee, which was elected by ballot. Mr. Hill himself — the father — acted as the sovereign, and his consent was necessary to any bill that had passed the committee, before it could become law. In no case does he appear to have found it necessary to refuse this assent. By its own laws the committee was obliged to meet once a week, and it now appointed the officers of

the court of justice, instead of the boys themselves, as formerly. Many advantages were certainly derived from this form of scholastic government. The most important was probably the beneficial effect upon the morals of the boys. "Of course," wrote Rowland Hill, in his plan of the constitution, "the committee will consist of boys whose age and superior acquirements give them a lead in all affairs of the school; and it is of the utmost importance that these boys should lead the others the right road and not astray, as is too often the case. Now they feel themselves under some obligation not to break these laws which they themselves have assisted in enacting, and the scholars cannot complain that the laws are too severe, because, either in their own proper persons or in those of their representatives, they must have assisted in passing them. The consequence has been that since things have been so constructed, we have gone on much more pleasantly to all parties than before."

The constitution and the reforms which followed were so beneficial that Hill Top became a little world of its own, and grew so rapidly that it was found necessary to remove to a new house at Hazlewood. Rowland's ambition aimed at even higher things. He had it in mind to initiate educational reform throughout the whole country. With this object in view he published in 1822 a book on "Public Education." The work met with a very favorable reception, and created a stir in the scholastic and educational world. The school at Hazlewood thus rapidly acquired a considerable amount of fame. Amongst the many visitors were the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Auckland, Lord Kinnaird, Sir George Napier, Sir George Pollock, Lord Brougham, De Quincey, Roscoe, Malthus, and a host of other influential persons. Lord John Russell sent Dr. Maltby (afterwards Bishop of Durham) to inspect the school. The applications for admittance were so many that they really became a source of anxiety.

The press criticisms on "Public Education" appear to have been very friendly. The *Edinburgh Review* and the *London Magazine* both published very favorable articles on the work. The *London* one was written by De Quincey after a personal inspection. M. Jullien, the editor of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, published in his journal the result of his personal inspection. But the criticism which Rowland Hill probably valued above all others

was that of Miss Edgeworth, whom he met when in Ireland. "To me and doubtless to my brother Rowland," wrote Arthur Hill of this gifted lady, "the interview with this admirable woman savored of romance. As an abstraction she had long been to every member of our family an object of respect amounting to reverence. Her works had been to us a source of delight, of instruction, of purity and of elevation, but herself seemed indefinitely removed, and we could hardly believe that we were now actually in her presence and admitted to friendly intercourse. I still esteem it one of the greatest honors of my life to have sat next to her at dinner by her own desire." Miss Edgeworth told Rowland that she had read "Public Education" "with the highest delight," an acknowledgment of which he was ever justifiably proud. "That her praise," he wrote, "was not the unmeaning stuff of commonplace, I am sure, for it was not uniform. She objected to some parts, which she advised us to alter. Most of her suggestions we have adopted."

All this brought penalties, and Rowland Hill's health—at no time good—began to give way. A tour in the north of England and in Scotland partially revived him; but three months later he had fear of relapsing into "the maddening state of mind" from which he had but lately escaped. A year or two later he fell dangerously ill and had to undergo severe surgical operations.

A few months prior to this it had been found necessary to establish a kindred institution to that of Hazlewood near London, and to Rowland was delegated the task of securing a suitable situation. He discovered Bruce Castle, an old mansion in a beautiful fragment of what had once been a wide park. Hither he brought his bride, the eldest daughter of a Mr. Pearson, a Wolverhampton manufacturer.

"My dear wife's help in my toils," Hill wrote, "and not least in those best known to the public, was important, perhaps essential to their success." An old-fashioned friend of the family quaintly corroborated this statement when he said that if "Rowland Hill was the father of penny postage, he knew who its mother was. It was his wife." Bruce Castle was the closing scene of Rowland Hill's scholastic labors, and here the Hill family began to break up. "In our course through life," wrote Rowland, "from the beginning to the present hour, each one of us has always been ready to help the others to the best of his power; and no

one has failed to call for such assistance again and again."

The quiet life at Bruce Castle does not appear to have suited Rowland Hill. About the year 1833 he seems to have become so unsettled as to seriously entertain doubts as to the expediency of remaining in it. His brothers, with one exception, relished school life little more than himself. The brothers had about this period carefully prepared a scheme of a "social community," which was to afford the "great advantages of the close union of a variety of talent by the collection of a number of persons, and their intimate organization and knowledge of each other." The idea was not, however, favored by their father, who wrote, "My dear son Rowland, you and your brothers are the last men to make monks of," and in the end no steps were taken to carry it out.

Not long afterwards an opening offered itself for Rowland—a commission had been formed for colonizing south Australia, and through his friend, Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Rowland Hill was appointed its secretary, a post which he held for four years. While fulfilling these duties in 1836, he first formed his conception of postal reform. His appointment to the Treasury to carry out part of his plans caused him to retire from the South Australian Commission in 1839.

Rowland Hill's father used frequently to speak of the benefits resulting from Palmer's postal reform in 1784, by the employment of stage coaches instead of the slow and irregular horse and foot posts. But the subject was thrust upon their notice in a much more practical form. Every post letter that arrived meant a demand for payment. It was not, however, until 1835, when the national revenue showed a large surplus, that Rowland Hill earnestly and seriously turned his thoughts to the post-office. The method he adopted was as follows.

He arrived at the conclusion that it was of great importance in reducing taxation to select that tax, the reduction of which would afford a maximum of relief to the public with a minimum of injury to the revenue. The best test was to examine each tax, to ascertain whether its productiveness had kept pace with the increase and prosperity of the nation. The tax which under this test proved the most defective was the one required. The tax upon the transmission of letters was brought into bad pre-eminence. The absolute postal revenue during the previous

twenty years (1815-1835) had diminished, not increased. This, notwithstanding that the population had increased, so that even from a financial point of view the postal rates were injuriously high. But the most serious evil these rates inflicted upon the public was the "obstruction it raised to the moral and intellectual progress of the people." To seek for the best possible manner of redressing the evil was, of course, the step which followed. The duty was difficult for Rowland Hill, as the only sources of information open to him were blue-books. Of this "raw material" about half a hundredweight was furnished to him by Mr. Wallace, at that time M.P. for Greenock. He started with the simple idea that the postage rates must be reduced, but he had not gone far before he arrived at the conclusion that such a reduction might be carried to a considerable extent. The question therefore suggested itself, "how far the total reduction might safely be carried," and to answer this it was necessary to make a systematic study, analysis, and comparison. This examination brought out the fact that the practice which then existed of regulating the amount of postage according to the distance an inland letter was conveyed had no foundation in principle. The conclusion was that the rates of postage should be irrespective of distance; and it was this discovery that formed the basis of his plan.

The next point was uniformity of rate established by the fact that the expenses of the receipt and delivery were the same for all letters, while the cost of conveyance was so small as to be reducible to absolute insignificance. It remained, therefore, to decide this uniform rate. It was clear that there would be difficulty in establishing any uniform rate higher than the minimum then in force, and he finally decided in favor of the penny rate.

In January, 1837, he placed the results, printed in pamphlet form and headed "Private and Confidential," in the hands of the government. The conclusions which he had arrived at were: "First, that the number of letters passing through the post would be greatly increased by the disuse of franks and abandonment of illicit conveyance; by the breaking up of one long letter into several shorter ones; by the use of many circulars hitherto withheld; and, lastly, by an enormous enlargement of the class of letter-writers.

"Further, that, supposing the public, according to its practice in other cases, only to expend as much in postage as before,

the loss to the net revenue would be but small; and, again, that such loss, even if large, would be more than compensated by the powerful stimulus given by low postage to the productive power of the country, and the consequent increase of revenue in other departments.

"Finally, that while the risk to the post-office revenue was comparatively small, and the chance of eventual gain not inconsiderable, and while the beneficial effect on the general revenue was little less than certain, the adoption of my plan would certainly confer a most important, manifest, and acceptable benefit on the country."

Amongst the trusty friends whom Rowland had taken into council was Mr. Wallace, the leading post-office reformer of the day. This gentleman concurred in the main feature of the plan. Mr. Wallace, however, did not simply accord his approval, but "gave me," as Rowland Hill states, "the advantage of his position, and labored through three anxious years to promote my views as earnestly as if they had been his own." The sequel of the story of penny postage need therefore only be succinctly recounted here.

The first result of the pamphlet was a summons to wait on the chancellor of the exchequer, who received Rowland courteously and listened attentively to his representations. Yet the government did not seem inclined to make any experiment, and Hill, therefore, deemed it necessary to appeal directly to public opinion by a re-issue of his pamphlet in a public form under the title of "Post Office Reform, Second Edition." Within the year of publication, a third edition had been called for, and the support of the press was almost universal.

Public bodies took the matter up. The Common Council of the city of London resolved in favor of the plan, and petitioned Parliament for its adoption. The public soon began to clamor. In the course of six days two hundred and fifteen petitions in favor of this scheme were presented to Parliament, and during the session of 1839, the number of petitions was upwards of two thousand, and the appended signatures about a quarter of a million. The situation was thus described by the *Times* in March, 1839: "On a review of the public feeling which it [penny postage] has called forth from men of all parties, sects, and conditions of life, it may well be termed the cause of the whole people of the United Kingdom against the small coterie of place holders in St.

Martin's-le-Grand and its dependencies." Twenty-five London journals and eighty-seven provincial papers supported this view, while even abroad the question excited considerable attention.

Rowland Hill met, however, a vast amount of opposition, particularly from the post-office officials. Nevertheless, public agitation proved too powerful, and the chancellor of the exchequer, on the 5th of July, 1839, in bringing forward his budget, formally proposed the experiment of penny postage. The resolution was agreed to without a division, and some days later, the bill on the subject was introduced in the House of Commons. It passed through both Houses of Parliament without a division, and became law on the 17th of August, 1839.

So far the battle was won, and Rowland Hill was the hero of the day. Congratulations poured in, and the inhabitants of Wolverhampton testified their high sense of his services as the "Founder and able advocate of the Plan of Universal Penny Postage — A.D. 1839" — by the presentation of a handsome silver candelabrum. It became a question as to what the government intended doing for Rowland Hill, for it was evident that he should be recompensed, and that he should receive a place in the service of the crown. He was engaged temporarily for a term of two years at the Treasury, at a salary of £1,500 per annum, without any claim to permanent employment at the expiration of that period. He entered on his duties on the 16th of September, 1839. It was impossible for him during his engagement at the Treasury, subsequently extended to another year, to develop his original plan in its entirety. Yet he did good work. On the accession of the Conservatives, who had opposed the plan of penny postage, to power, Rowland Hill lost his place at the Treasury.

The Brighton Railway Company's affairs were just then in so unsatisfactory a condition as to render the appointment of new board of directors necessary, and he obtained a directorship, and shortly afterwards the chairmanship of the company. In this capacity he remained four years; giving his undivided attention to the affairs of the company, and effecting such reforms in this railway system, that the property rose considerably in value.

Meanwhile, a select committee to inquire into the state of the post-office had been agreed to by the House of Commons, and Rowland Hill had himself published a pamphlet, "The State and Prospects of

Penny Postage." In 1846, the Liberals had such strong hopes of a speedy return to power, that he resigned his chairmanship of the Brighton Railway Company, and a large annual income (in one year alone he made £6,000) for a comparatively insignificant government appointment.

On the 29th of June, the Conservative ministry, with Sir Robert Peel at its head, resigned, and Rowland Hill was soon afterwards permanently appointed secretary to the postmaster-general at a salary of £1,200. His power was still greatly restricted. The secretary at the post-office, at that time, and most of the leading officials of the department, had always shown great opposition to his reforms and innovations. Still he contrived to effect a considerable improvement, not only in the general organization and administration of the post-office, but also in the money order system, in the mail service, in the abolition of Sunday duty in the Metropolis, the institution of a cheap book post rate, etc. There can be little doubt that the government would have appointed Rowland Hill sole secretary to the post-office had the post been vacant, but the then holder of the office was too young a man to pension, and there was no suitable position to which just at that time he could be transferred. In 1854 the chief secretary, however, was appointed to a seat at the Board of Audit, and the secretaryship of the post-office, and secretary to the postmaster-general, consolidated in Hill — an appointment fully endorsed by the public.

At last in smooth waters, Rowland Hill continued for a period of ten years at the great work of his life. The mail services at one time would engage his attention; he instituted the "Limited Mail," and his son invented the expedient for trains delivering and receiving the mail bags at certain places without the necessity of stopping. At another time the system of foreign and colonial postage claimed his consideration, or the money order office, or the rectification of accounts. On three occasions, he was threatened with assassination on account of some alleged grievances on the part of the letter carriers.

In 1863, at the age of sixty-nine his health began to break up and he was obliged to tender his resignation on the 29th of February of the following year. He was awarded for life his full salary of £2,000 a year. On the 11th of June, 1864, Lord Palmerston, as prime minister, in the House of Commons brought up a message from the queen recommending the

House to concur in enabling her to grant the author of penny postage the sum of £20,000 in consideration and recognition of his eminent services, etc. Four years previously, in 1860, her Majesty had conferred the distinction of a knight commander of the Bath on Rowland Hill. Lord Palmerston, in moving the grant of this sum by her Majesty, testified to the "great genius, sagacity, perseverance, and industry, and to the services rendered by Sir Rowland Hill to this and to other countries."

The public were anxious to show honor to Sir Rowland, and as early as in 1846 a national testimonial of £13,000 had been presented to him at Blackwell. In 1860 he was elected a member of the Royal Society, on the recommendation of the Duke of Argyll and Sir Roderick Murchison (astronomer royal), and a year later he was admitted to that inner circle, the Royal Society Club. The University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L., and in 1879 the city of London granted him its freedom.

In 1865 he did useful work in connection with the royal commission on the suggested purchase by government of the railways, of which he became a member at Mr. Gladstone's urgent request. He also managed to keep himself *au courant* with the progress of science and mechanical invention, and for some time was able to attend occasionally the meetings of the Political Economy Club. He took a strong interest in politics, but his mind turned chiefly and constantly on all matters relating to the post-office, and much of his time in retirement was employed in preparing the "History of Penny Postage." In 1876 Sir Rowland was suddenly struck down by an attack that threatened paralysis, but from this he appears to have rallied. "Each year," however, we are told, "saw his range narrowed more and more, till at last he was confined to one floor," and on the 27th of August, 1879, he breathed his last. The nation awarded him the honor of a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. "The funeral was not," writes a mourner who was present, "a state ceremonial — it was a people's payment of honor. There was not grief; but there was a solemn sense of recognition of a great deed."

In his character there was a "rare combination of enthusiasm and practical power." He was confident of success, but always cautious in procedure. In everything but work he was a most temperate man. He was hot-tempered, but

the most upright and truthful of men. The testimony of one who long served under him affords a very good summary of his public character. "Sir Rowland Hill was very generous," he states, "with his own money, and very close with the public money. He would have been more popular had he been generous with the public money and close with his own."

ARCHIBALD GRANGER BOWIE.

From The Revue des Deux Mondes.
SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

THE first aphorism of old Hippocrates has acquired a world-wide acceptance and celebrity: "Art is long; time is brief; experience misleading; judgment difficult." We might add, "and observation is defective." Thus completed we commend it to the consideration of critics.

The critic reads much and reads rapidly. Rapid reading, as we know, involves mistakes. On the other hand, to potter too long over the details of a subject distracts the attention from the main question. The critic becomes like the man who could not see the forest for the trees.

Sir John Mandeville was a remarkable personage in the second half of the fourteenth century. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and after a long residence in Egypt and in Syria, professed to have travelled through central Asia to the very gates of the Garden of Eden. On his return home he published an account of his travels in three languages: Latin, French, and English, and his narrative of marvels and adventures met with extraordinary success and popularity.

"No book," says Mr. Thomas Wright, a gentleman who devoted himself to the literature of the Middle Ages, "was so generally read at the close of the fourteenth century," which speaks well for the discrimination and good taste of its author's contemporaries, but we are bound to confess that up to a very recent period we ourselves knew Sir John Mandeville only through extracts from his writings, and we plead in apology that, notwithstanding the interest of his book, it is one of those that it is nowise indispensable that a man of cultivation should have read before quitting this life for another world. But a few weeks since, our imagination having acquired, from some cause or other, a relish for the marvellous, we picked up

Sir John Mandeville, on the strength of his reputation for being more credulous than the most superstitious monk of the Middle Ages, for that is the current phrase applied to him in literature, and such extracts as we had read confirmed the impression.

Need we say that our imagination found all the food it craved for in his work? There was a marvel upon every page, indeed in nearly every line; which is not to be wondered at when we consider that not only does he repeat all that came under his own observation, but all those wonders that belonged more properly to the travellers who had preceded him, besides those that the compilers of the Middle Ages had gathered from the works of the naturalists of antiquity. But the greatest marvel of it was that under all this mass of fable we discerned the man himself: bold, prudent, sensible, and right-minded, capable of thinking for himself in opposition to received opinions, and who, if superstitious, is so only after the fashion and the measure of his two contemporaries, Chaucer and Boccaccio. As we read we believed ourselves to have found out the reason why such a man had amassed such a collection of extraordinary things. Mandeville demonstrates by anecdotes, proves by fables, insinuates by miracles, and suggests by narratives, using as his medium his voyages and travels, — lessons which other moralists, popular preachers, orators, and philosophers have taught by apologue and parable. He is a Rabelais, without humor and without invention, who has written a very amusing book with the purpose of insinuating truth by the very exaggeration of error, and of teaching true religion through the medium of superstition.

The most singular thing of all is that he took no pains to hide his purpose. He never, indeed, openly avows it, but there it is, from one end of his book to the other, always modest and discreet, but any one may see it who will. The idea which is the very soul of his narratives — an idea high enough and broad enough to occupy at the present day the minds and thoughts of many independent thinkers — runs through all his fables, but is never concealed nor carried underground. Mandeville tells us over and over again exactly what he thinks, yet his critics and commentators never seem to have perceived his purpose, which is another illustration of the fact that truth can often deceive diplomacy.

The truth that Mandeville has at heart

is that man, being man all over the world, and truth being truth, and the heritage of all mankind, that it is Heaven's gift to every nation under Heaven. No race of man is so debased that it has not attained to some portions of true knowledge, and the diversity of men's religious beliefs does but prove, thinks Mandeville, the truth of this position. Assuredly there is nothing in all this which Christianity may not accept, and does nowadays proclaim, but it is also true that the orthodoxy of an idea is determined by the sentiments of the epoch in which it is uttered; what is entirely orthodox in our day may have been rank heterodoxy in the fourteenth century. I cannot but think that Sir John's sentiments, if too plainly put before a theologian of the court of Avignon, or before a doctor of the Council of Constance, might have brought him into trouble.

I foresee an objection: How would an idea of that magnitude escape detection? The answer is, that though it is apparent everywhere when pointed out, it is smothered under its mass of illustrations. To have recourse to an illustration that I have used before, we cannot see the forest for the abundance of the trees. Besides, prudence and discretion at that period were absolutely necessary. And Mandeville was so well convinced of this that he took especial pains to place his book under the protection of orthodoxy. We may add that his idea exists rather in germ than in systematic development, nor is this singular, for men born in advance of their age, especially in a period of transition, like Mandeville and Chaucer, seldom break loose from all the traditions and beliefs in which they have been brought up, and even the boldest thinkers have no quantity of new ideas, but mostly each has one, and in other matters he preserves those of many preceding generations.

Though born at Saint Albans, Sir John Mandeville, like many noblemen and gentlemen of that period in England, was almost as much a Frenchman as an Englishman. He was of Norman origin, his name indicating that his ancestor came from one of the provinces of western France, either with the followers of the Conqueror, or with Henry Plantagenet, the first Angevin sovereign. The descendants of the Norman knights still kept up intercourse among themselves in the French language of Normandy, though an English language and literature was being gradually formed. Sir John Mandeville therefore wrote versions of his book

both in French and English. The former, it is generally supposed, having preceded that in his mother tongue. There is evident tenderness of feeling towards France shown in many parts of his narrative. Whilst he was on his travels the great wars, which lasted a hundred years, between the two countries, had begun under Edward III., and the year of his return, 1356, is the date of the battle of Poitiers; but the deeds of arms and the great victories that took place during his absence, inspired him apparently with little sympathy or admiration. For in his preface he does not hesitate to blame those knights and temporal barons who, instead of endeavoring to reconquer the Holy Land, that common heritage of Christians, showed much more zeal in despoiling their neighbors.

He quitted Saint Albans, he tells us, on Michaelmas Day, 1322, and he returned in 1356. Thirty-four years! Twice the time that Tacitus considers a large portion of the life of man; but it was not too long for all the objects that he had in view when he set out upon his travels. We see him as a pilgrim, as a soldier of fortune, and as a curious observer of men and manners. In each of these characters he was prompted to undertake a life of wandering, but he has given us another reason for his wandering tastes which partakes too much of the spirit of his times to be omitted. He believed, like Chaucer, in judicial astrology. Speaking of the natives of India, he says, that being born under Saturn, a sluggish planet, they have no inclination to travel and little interest in foreigners; whilst the English, who are born under the influences of the most active of all planets, the moon, have been "endowed by her with a desire to move actively, to explore different countries, to seek out strange things, and to study the diversity of the inhabitants of the earth; for the moon goes round the earth more rapidly than any other planet."

This is the earliest and not the least original explanation of the nomadic instincts which distinguish the inhabitants of Great Britain, and its author was the forerunner of those hosts of modern Englishmen who go to and fro upon the earth in all directions, never modifying their national characteristics, turning to praise and profit the philosophical remark that Horace launches at those restless spirits who have been bitten by the tarantula of travel:—

Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

Of the thirty-four years passed in absence from his country, Mandeville seems to have spent his first nineteen in the service of the sultan of Egypt, whom he assisted in his expeditions against the Bedouins, of whom in a few lines he draws a masterly picture. The sultan, he says, took him into such favor that he wanted to marry him to the daughter of a great personage at court, provided he would change his religion. And indeed this monarch must have held him in high esteem to have discoursed with him, as he did in private, on the discordancies between the religion of Christians and their practices, apropos of a matter of importance, and the conversation as he reports it bears every mark of authenticity. It is probable that during these years of service under the Egyptian sultan he had the opportunity to make frequent excursions through the regions of Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine, and the part of his book relating to these countries is longer, more circumstantial, and indeed less fabulous, than the other parts of his narrative. On quitting Egypt, he says he entered India through the dominions of the great khan of Cathay, in whose service he filled the same military position he had done in that of the sultan.

These scanty facts are pretty nearly all he has thought proper to tell us about himself in his character of knight-errant, either because of his real modesty, or because he did not wish to break the unity of his narrative by too many personal details, for he had in him the instincts of an artist, and it is evident that he bestowed labor and thought upon his task of composition, in spite of inexperience and occasional awkwardness of expression. But in spite of his reticence we have an indirect way of picturing him to ourselves in the character of a Christian *condottiere*. His contemporary, Chaucer, who was well versed in all the literature of the period, French, English, or Italian, must undoubtedly have read Mandeville's book before he wrote the "Canterbury Tales," and probably knew Mandeville. It is more than probable that he took from him the character of the knight, the most noble of his pilgrims, who opens the series of tales by that of "Arcite and Palemon."

We give the description of the knight in plain verse rather than in the verse of Chaucer.

"A knight there was, a very worthy man, who from the first day that he rode a horse loved chivalry, and truth, and honor, liberty and courtesy. . . . He had trav-

elled as far as any living man, both in Christian and in heathen lands, and had been always honored for his perfect nobleness. He was at Alexandria when that town was taken. Often had he sat in Prussia at the highest seat at table, above all the other men of other nations, and no Christian man of his quality had travelled so often in Russia and Lithuania. In the kingdom of Grenada he had been present at the siege of Algesiras . . . he was at Laya and Satalia when those cities were stormed, and in the Grecian seas he had formed part of many a noble army. He had been present in fifteen murderous battles. He had fought for our faith at Tramisene in three passes of arms, and he had each time killed his adversary. This worthy knight had also lived some time in the service of the lord of Palatia, another pagan in Turkey, and everywhere he had been held in great honor and esteem. He was as wise as he was valiant, and in manners gentle as a maiden. Never in his life had he said a discreditable word or one unsuited to his condition. He was a perfect gentle knight. . . . He had lately come home from his travels, and he had set out to accomplish this pilgrimage."

Surely this is Sir John Mandeville, such as our fancy pictures him, pious but loving adventures, passing unharmed through what to others would have been deadly perils, thanks, probably, to his good renown, falling naturally into the society of great men in all countries whither he went—and assuredly the knight of Chaucer had seen no more foreign lands than Sir John assures us he had seen. At any rate, the portrait in a certain sense depicts the great travellers of the period, whether Sir John sat for it or not, for assuredly Chaucer did not intend to paint an exceptional figure in his knight, and we may infer that such characters were not uncommon in the fourteenth century. One of Chaucer's commentators, Tyrwhite, expressed surprise that the poet speaks of his knight as having been at Alexandria and Lithuania, but makes no mention of Cressy and Poitiers. If the portrait is that of Mandeville we see the reason at once,—he was absent in foreign countries when those battles took place.

The life of Sir John Mandeville had many distinct phases. Though deeply imbued with the Crusading spirit, he did not hesitate to take service under Moslem, or pagan princes, whilst his feelings as a pilgrim are evidently deeply Christian, and are those of pious men in his own

times. Deeply he deplores the cessation of the Crusades. He mourns over the loss of the Holy City, and he thinks that the Christians in divers countries, having no longer one solemn bond of interest and action to unite them, will fall apart more than ever from each other. The close of the Crusades was followed by the rise of the Seljuk Turks under Orchan. When Sir John Mandeville left home upon his travels these Turks had just made themselves masters of Asia Minor. Before he returned to England Orchan and Amurath had invaded the European provinces of the Byzantine Empire, and had laid the foundation of an empire that has been a thorn in the side of Christian Europe for four hundred years. A passage in Sir John's book paints with great feeling, color, and distinctness, the sadness that prevailed, even in his day, in the doomed city of Constantinople.

"Before the Church of Saint Sophia," he says, "is the statue of the emperor Justinian gilt all over. He is on horseback, with a crown upon his head, and formerly he held in his hand a golden orb; but this orb has now fallen, and the people of that city say that it is because the emperor has lost a great part of his lands and lordships, for he was formerly emperor of Roumania and of Greece, of all Asia Minor, of Judea wherein is Jerusalem, of Egypt, Persia, and Arabia, but he has lost all save only Greece. Several times they have attempted to replace the orb in the hand of the statue, but it will never remain there. The orb typifies the sovereignty that he had over the whole earth, because it is round. The other hand is raised towards the east in an attitude of menace to the infidel aggressors."

It was with all the feelings of a pious son of the cross that Mandeville made his journey to the Holy Land. These feelings likewise inspired the care and deep respect with which he describes that country. Step by step he explores all Palestine, every little village, every little town, and at each one he records the historical or religious fact, the legend or the fable with which it is associated. As name after name falls from his pen, they inspire a feeling which no other string of names could produce. And few things have ever made us feel so forcibly how closely that little country is linked to our own lives in lands far distant than this itinerary.

His fervor is expended on the holy places. As soon as he leaves Palestine that fervor grows less; and we see him in

a character we should never have suspected. He has all kinds of reserves, he throws out singular hints, he is apparently half a skeptic. He describes, without any excess of horror or astonishment, the idolatries he meets with on his journeys, however monstrous they may be. He compares our form of religious belief with another, and, not content with showing wherein they differ from Christianity, he is at pains to point out wherein they correspond. In short, Mandeville becomes in the second part of his travels a complete latitudinarian, and it is from this portion of his work that we have extracted the idea that the main purpose of his book is to show how some portion of God's truth is in the possession of all men. He was so conscious that his opinions were in advance of those of his own age, and so disquieted as to his own safety, that he tells us that on his return to Europe he sought an audience with the pope, and submitted his book to his examination, "in order to free his conscience concerning a number of subjects of doubt, which cannot fail to accumulate in the mind of a man who has seen many nations, of divers sects and different beliefs."

The pope, it appears, examined the book, and put it under the safeguard of his approval. Satisfied as to this, Mandeville triumphantly presented his narrative to his readers, assuring them in his preface that if any of those refractory unbelievers who credit nothing but what they have beheld with their own eyes should be among them, they may take notice that his truthfulness has been attested and affirmed by the Holy Father himself. We may be permitted to suspect that Sir John submitted his book for the approval of the pope with somewhat the same feeling that prompted Voltaire to dedicate his "Mahomet" to Benedict XIV. The precaution was possibly a very wise one. The earliest known manuscript bears date 1371, which was the very year in which the persecution of Wycliffe and his followers commenced, a persecution that was vigorously carried on by the English bishops for many years. Though the ideas of Mandeville had no connection with those of Wycliffe it might not have been safe at such a moment to be suspected of any unorthodox opinions.

The book was put forth in three languages; this had been the case already with the "Travels" of Marco Polo, but the reason given by Mandeville in his preface to the French and English versions of his work are curious. "Seeing that

some persons understand French better than Latin, I have written this book in the Romance language to the end that every one may understand it; wherefore lords and knights and such other persons as do not understand Latin, may know that I have translated my book from Latin into French and from French into English, that every man of my nation may understand it, and that the lords, knights, and other worthy persons who know little Latin, but who have travelled beyond seas, may see if I have erred through lack of memory, and if so may correct and amend me."

Very little is known concerning the subsequent life of this singular personage. He does not seem after his return home to have resided in England. A tradition, that appears well founded, says that he settled at Liège, where he practised medicine, having acquired numberless secrets as to drugs and simples in the East. His choice of Liège was due probably in part to his French sympathies. There was at that time much intercourse between England and the Low Countries, and there was also at Liège a popular sympathy for mysticism and for a train of thought rather beyond the pale of orthodoxy, which may have been to him a recommendation. At Liège he probably translated his Latin manuscript into French and English. He died in that city, according to some in 1371, but one manuscript of the fifteenth century gives the date of his death as 1382.

Having thus obtained some shadowy view of the man himself, we will consider him further as a reporter of fables. First, because he is a man of talent in his vocation; secondly, because the consideration may introduce us into some provinces of that fairyland which Michelet so justly calls the most powerful of all kingdoms in the Middle Ages.

How far are we to believe him? "Liar" and "dupe" are the two epithets commonly associated with his memory. But though unquestionably he is sometimes both, he is much more careful than has been commonly believed, to indicate the amount of truth due in his own opinion to the wonders of which he is the chronicler. If we give him credit for a philosophical purpose, his mixture of fact and fable, allegory and narrative, becomes comprehensible; but if we consider him simply as a traveller, we shall never arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

If we look upon him simply in this light it is hard to understand why he should

not be entitled to the extenuating circumstances so liberally accorded to other travellers who preceded him. He is credulous, but so are all the old travellers in the Middle Ages, most of them astoundingly so; and their credulity does not give us any unreasonable shock, because we comprehend its causes. The civilization of the lands which they had quitted to find themselves confronted with the marvels they relate, was closely associated with a religion which had in those days its own abundant stock of fables, superstitions, and local legends. In these they had been cradled and brought up, by them in their infancy they had been terrified or amused. Nor could they fail to remain under the influence of such early beliefs, so that they were quite prepared to acquiesce in anything marvellous that might be related to them. This was especially the case when the traveller was a monk, for the marvellous was the very element in which he and his fraternity lived, and there was no kind of miracle that might not be wrought by devils to retain possession of the unredeemed portions of the human race. With this predisposition to accept the marvellous, is it wonderful that Mandeville fell under its influence, in spite of his soldierly powers of observation, or Marco Polo in spite of his practical common sense, as a Venetian trader?

But though Sir John may not be more credulous than his predecessors, we cannot deny that he *appears* more so, and that the things he relates appear more fabulous by the way he tells them. The countries that he claims to have traversed after he left Palestine are the same as those in which Marco Polo before him had lived so many years: Armenia, Turkestan, Mongolia, and Cathay (or southern China). Now if we compare the two narratives we shall see that that of Marco Polo is no whit behind that of Sir John in its relations of the marvellous. Many of the same things are there: invisible spirits in the steppes of Tartary, calling the traveller by name, that they may lead him astray; devils, who speak out of the mouths of idols, whole nations devoted to magic arts, the mysterious Prester John, lord of a floating kingdom, like Gulliver's Laputa, and all the thousand strange peculiarities of manners and beliefs in those far distant climes. Indeed, Marco Polo relates wonders that are not in Mandeville — wonders that Sir John would not have failed to add to his own collection had he been guilty of plagiarizing; for instance, the story of how diamonds were procured

from valleys inhabited by deadly serpents by means of raw meat thrown down and brought thence by eagles. This story, which we find incorporated into the adventures of Sinbad the sailor, is, by the way, as old as Herodotus, who, however, has myrrh in his narrative in place of diamonds. And yet all these wonders when we read them in Marco Polo appear natural enough, if we make certain allowances for an atmosphere of unreality, whilst the smallest circumstance, the most easily accounted for mystery, has in Mandeville's book an air of fable. This is because he had a taste for fables. He loved to collect them, he loves to relate them. He has the *voluntary* credulity of a poet or an artist, and is in fact less credulous than his predecessors. Nay, sometimes his credulity is feigned. He lets us see that he puts no faith in what he is telling us, but he tells it all the same, because the story interested him and it will interest his readers. The vulgar may believe such tales, but the wise will take them for what they are worth, like himself.

"Let him believe who will what I am about to relate, and let those disbelieve who cannot believe it," he says, before beginning the history of the wonders of Cathay. In Armenia he has been told that often on a clear day Noah's ark has been seen on the summit of Mount Ararat, but no man except one monk has been able to reach it, and he only by the grace of God. "There are others who think they have reached it," he adds, "but we must be careful how we believe them."

His marvellous story of the barnacle geese is very celebrated, but if we examine it carefully we shall find that it does not prove him credulous, but the contrary.

"In the kingdom of Caldilhe," he says, "which is a beautiful country, grows a kind of fruit like pomegranates. When they are ripe, if you cut them in two you find inside a little animal of blood and bones, like a tiny lamb without its fleece. They eat fruit and beast together. This is a great marvel. I have eaten of it, and I told them that in our country we had a greater marvel still. I told them we had trees that bore fruits that turned into birds. That those that dropped into the water lived, but those that fell on the earth died; and that they were very good to eat. Thereupon they all marvelled greatly in their turn, and said that it was an impossibility." Can we not see the *chaff* in this little story? The inhabitants of the kingdom of Caldille had probably served him a lamb taken unborn from its moth-

er's womb, as is the horrid practice in Astrachan to this day. It was wrapped in its caul, and they had tried to impose on his credulity as a stranger, by making him believe it was one of the fruits peculiar to their country. He pays them back in their own coin, giving them, with all politeness, a Roland for an Oliver.

Credulous! He is so little credulous that it is a wonder that the powers of the Church had not applied to him a very different appellation. With all his discretion he lets fall occasionally some very risky things. He says them shyly, briefly—as asides; but plainly enough to enable us to recognize in him a contemporary of Wycliffe, Chaucer, and the author of the "Vision of Piers Ploughman." Hear him on the subject of simony: "The Greeks say that usury is not a mortal sin; and they sell benefices in their Church, even as others do elsewhere. (May God be pleased in his good time to put an end to such a thing.) It is a great scandal. For now simony is crowned even as a queen in holy church. May God in his good mercy send us a remedy!" Even thus spake Wycliffe, and thus, a few years later, would John Huss speak.

When Mandeville finds himself confronted with anything that he is unable to comprehend, his very reserve has its significance. The monks of Mount Sinai told him that when their abbot died the name of his successor was always to be found written on their altar. "One day," he says, "I asked some of the monks how that happened? But no one would tell me. Then I told them that they ought not to conceal the favor that God showed them, but should publish it abroad to increase the devotion of the people, and that to my mind they sinned in concealing a miracle. They answered that the thing often happened. But they would tell me nothing more."

Like all his contemporaries whose thoughts tended towards reform he is jealous against false relics, and the traffic carried on in them. We may call him credulous, but on this point he never allows himself to be deceived.

If they show him the same relics in different places, he can always place them in the right one. Do the monks of Cyprus profess to have the true cross in their possession? He says this is not true. They know very well that it is only the cross of Dismas, the penitent thief. "Yet all do not know this," he observes, "and it is an evil deed to make the ignorant believe it for the sake of their offerings."

The head of Saint John the Baptist is in several places. "Some say," says Sir John, "that it is now at Amiens in Picardy; others that the head at Amiens is that of Saint John the bishop. I know not which of these opinions is correct. But God knows. And however it may be, the blessed Saint John is honored, and he is satisfied with it." Is this sarcasm, or piety?

He undoubtedly tells falsehoods, and we think him more given to lying than credulity. Yet it is difficult to discover how far he means to tell the truth. Dr. Chalmers has said truly, that Mandeville "relates more than he affirms, and what he has heard rather than what he has seen." And from whom did he hear what he relates? From Greek or Syrian monks, from Arabs, and from Tartars, all people whose respect for truth is very superficial, and who had rather take a fact ready made than search into the truth of it.

The East is the home of legend; the native country of the world's great fairytales. The travellers who visited Asia in the Middle Ages brought back marvels even as Herodotus had done from those very lands. Modern travellers visit those countries with all the learning of Europe at their backs, and have no reason to be beholden to the information obtained from the inhabitants. Yet if any modern traveller would go to the East, and simply report what he was told there, he probably would produce a book not less full of the marvellous than that of Mandeville. Witness the "Persian Sketches" of Sir John Malcolm, an English diplomatist sent to Persia in the early part of the present century. His book might pass for a supplement to the "Arabian Nights." He found his material by questioning every one he met, soldiers, boatmen, guides, and travellers. Every city he entered was built by magic, every mountain range was the abode of demons, every locality had its legend.

We should like also to defend Sir John Mandeville from the charge often brought against him of his being a compiler. He indeed often repeats stories told before by other travellers, Marco Polo, Rubenquish, and Oderic of Pordenona, but as he wandered through the same countries may not the same stories have been told to him? For example, his story of the Valley Perilous guarded by devils, is also to be found in the pages of Oderic, but the same story was told Sir John Malcolm of a valley between Ispahan and Koom, a valley approached by a long, barren plain, very like

Mandeville's description of a sea of sand over which he passed shortly before his adventure. Sir John Malcolm says the valley was infested by *ghouls*, Sir John Mandeville calls them devils.

No doubt that Mandeville was well versed in the marvellous before he left England, but after a while his erudition in that line reached wonderful proportions. He listened, and he questioned, everywhere. One grows perfectly astonished at the quantity of information, true and false, that his book contains. With the story of Sinbad he seems to have been acquainted two centuries before it was heard of in the civilized world. The roc is in his book under the name of a gryphon; there, too, is the loadstone mountain, there the black dwarfs, and the cannibal giants, and the island where husbands were forced to bury themselves with their dead wives. The only one of Sinbad's adventures omitted is that of the diamonds, the raw flesh, and the eagles, which, as we have seen, had been told already by Marco Polo. There are more passages in Mandeville almost identical with others in the story of Sinbad, notably that wherein he describes Prester John of Cathay going forth like Sinbad's friend, the king of Ceylon, with two vases borne before him, one of earth to remind him that he was but man, the other of silver filled with precious stones as a mark of his wealth and dignity.

Whenever Mandeville relates a story it has the local coloring of the country in which the scene is laid. For example, he relates a pretty fable of a lady who was a great dealer in magic arts, and a falcon. Her abode was, he tells us, in lower Armenia. That is at the foot of the Caucasus, on the frontier of the ancient kingdom of the Medes, celebrated for its female magicians from the earliest ages. The story is ethnographically in its true place (to say nothing of the fact that hawking is still practised in that part of Asia), and the story would have been entirely misplaced had its scene been laid in Egypt or in Palestine. The tales he relates in connection with the latter country are of a very different character. Besides those drawn from the Sacred Writings there is but one example of the marvellous in the chapters devoted to the Holy Land, and this one is not a fairy story, but the story of a miracle. It is something like the history of the chaste Susanna, with the roses of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary for its conclusion, or the flowers that grew up of themselves upon the hill where Saint Albans was beheaded.

The Almighty alone deals with the marvellous in such consecrated places, and his power is put forth only in the cause of truth and virtue. Again, Mandeville has several stories of fairy serpents, which he locates in Greece where they belong, as if he had known what is known to students of folk-lore in our own day, that men and women turned into swans, are Germano-Scandinavian fables, men and women serpents are Greco-Slavic traditions.*

True or not, few ancient books leave such an impression on us of the real spirit of the Orient as this of Sir John Mandeville. As his aim is above all to impress his contemporaries with the infinite variety of peoples and manners in heathenness, Mandeville has brought out strongly the astounding contrasts which are presented in Asia. The oldest civilization, closely united to the most time-honored barbarism; splendors multiplying as time goes on, joined to the vulgar bestiality of primitive instincts; faiths that have much in them that is pure, combined with puerile philosophy; admirable philosophy, combined with childish religious faith and bloody practices; waves of perfume and the stench of carrion; the odor of sweet spices and the smell of blood; and, above all, the total perversion of all Asiatic ideas, moral, social, and religious, on the subject of women. Mandeville abounds in details and particulars as to the relations of the sexes in the lands he visited, most of which are more shocking to our moral sense than the primitive practices of untaught barbarians.

We said that Mandeville was much read in the latter part of the fourteenth century; we may now add that he has left his impression on the literature of more than the two centuries that succeeded him.

When Sir John came back from the East, a great land of imagination lay, as it were, behind the actual Orient known to the Crusaders. These had brought home some knowledge of Syria and Egypt, so that Prester John and his kingdom of

* I presume to think M. Emile Montégut here mistaken. In "Hassan of Balsora," a story in Lane's translation of the "Arabian Nights," there is an account of a lady who became a swan when she put on a magic garment of feathers; and *per contra* we have only to refer to the old Scottish ballad of "Kempion" to find the "laidly worme," the lady transformed into a serpent. In a passage of this article which I have omitted, the writer proves himself deficient in Bible lore, when he asks how could Sir John Mandeville have become possessed of the Rabbinical tradition that Eliezer of Damascus would have been Abraham's heir in default of offspring, and goes into an argument to prove he had derived the idea from the Talmud.—TRANSLATOR.

Cathay and the khan of Tartary took the place that Egypt and Syria had held in the imagination of Europeans.

The half-barbaric khan of Tartary was popularly invested with all the splendors of his captives and his vassals, and he reigned in all his glory over the world of poetry and romance until the end of the sixteenth century. We find him in Boiardo and Ariosto, whose heroes are both Tartars and Mussulmen. Who does not remember Ferragus, and Argail, and how Orlando went mad for love of Angelica, the peerless daughter of the king of Tartary, and how this same Angelica placed her beloved Medoro on the throne of Cathay?

We see in the "Squire's Tale," in Chaucer (unhappily left unfinished) how strong a hold khans of the East had on the popular imagination. All the description of Cambuscan the khan of the Crimea is taken from the pages of Marco Polo, or more probably from the more recent pictures of Oriental magnificence furnished by Chaucer's contemporary.

In the "Tempest" there are traces of a story found in Sir John Mandeville. He tells of a king of Persia and his army suddenly enveloped in clouds and darkness to prevent their pursuit of a body of faithful Christians; out of the darkness "come human voices, the neighing of horses, the crowing of cocks, and men are known to be there also, but no man knows how they may be found."

Is it improbable that Bunyan had read Mandeville? The passage of Christian through the Valley of the Shadow of Death bears a close resemblance to the description of a haunted valley given by Mandeville, and may well have made an impression on such an imagination as Bunyan's.

"In the centre of this valley, under a rock," says the knight, "sits a devil, terrible to look at, of whom can only be seen the head and shoulders. Out of him cometh such smoke, such flames, and such a stench, that no man may endure it. But good Christians, who are strong in faith, may pass him without peril; for they make their confession first and sign themselves with the sign of the cross, so that the devils have no power over them. But though they are safe from danger they are not safe from fear when they see devils all around them in the air and on the earth, mocking them, threatening them, and terrifying them by fierce blasts and peals of thunder . . . and in this valley I saw a multitude of dead bodies as if

there had been a battle between two powerful kings, and the greater part of their armies had perished." Such is Mandeville's Valley Perilous; now compare it with the Valley of the Shadow of Death of Bunyan.

"About the midst of this Valley I perceived the mouth of Hell. . . . And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out with such abundance, sparks and hideous noises, that Christian was forced to put up his sword and betake himself to another weapon called All-prayer. Thus he went on a great while, but still the flames would be reaching towards him, also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. . . . At the end of this Valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly, and while I was musing I saw before me a cave where lived two giants whose power and tyranny had cruelly put to death the men whose blood, bones, and ashes lay there."

In "Gulliver's Travels" we all know that Swift copied the style of narration of ancient travellers. But may he not have done more? Did he not have Mandeville in his mind when he wrote of Brobdignag? "No one," says Mandeville, speaking of a certain island, "dared land upon it, for if the giants saw a ship and men in it, they walked out into the sea and seized it. And men said how beyond this was another island, inhabited by giants larger still, some forty-five, some fifty feet tall; some say indeed fifty cubits. I have seen none of them, for I never cared to visit those regions, because no man can land on either of those islands without running the risk of being devoured. Among these giants are sheep as big as beesves, with rough, thick wool. I have seen several of these sheep. It is said those giants often seize on men, picking them off their ships, and when they carry them to the land, two in one hand and two in the other, they eat them as they wade or walk, all raw and still living."

Gulliver, having landed on the Island of Brobdignag, says: "I walked about, and finding nothing more to satisfy my curiosity, I began to get tired. I returned slowly to the creek. But when I caught sight of the sea there were my comrades who had got into their boat, rowing with all their might to save their lives. I was on the point of hailing them, which would have been of no use, when I saw an enor-

mous being who was pursuing them wading through the water as fast as he could. The sea came no higher than to his knees, and he made prodigious strides." The inhabitants of Brobdingnag were not cannibals, but their domestic animals vied with those of the giants on Mandeville's island.

Daniel Defoe was a great reader of travels, but until we read Mandeville we had always supposed his reading went no further back than Hakluyt's "Collection of Voyages;" but here is an anecdote which seems to prove that he had read Mandeville.

"Among the rich men of this country," says Sir John, speaking of a province in China tributary to Cathay, "there is a man of immense wealth, neither prince, duke, nor count, but every year tribute is paid him of three hundred horseloads of rice, and various grains. Also he leads a grand and sumptuous life according to the customs of his country, for each day he has fifty beautiful damsels, all virgins, who wait on him at table. They even cut up his meat and put the morsels in his mouth, for he himself will touch nothing, and sits with his hands upon the table, because he has nails so long that he can neither grasp nor carve, and the damsels sing all the time that this rich man eats, and when he has finished the first course five-and-twenty other damsels bring him the second, still singing, and thus they do every day till the end of his repast. Thus passes his life and thus have lived his ancestors, thus will live his descendants, without ever accomplishing any deed of arms, without doing anything but take their ease, like a pig fed in a sty to fatten him."

This anecdote is the last told by Mandeville, and by a strange coincidence it is the last told in "Robinson Crusoe." Defoe tells it to contrast this man's life with the labors, privations, and fatigues that must be endured by a bold traveller or adventurer. With Defoe, as well as with Mandeville, the scene of the anecdote is in China, only the voluptuary, instead of being a kind of prince, is a sort of rustic, vain and filthy, whose sole gratification is in his appetites. "When we reached the country house of this personage," says Robinson Crusoe, "we saw him eating his dinner in a little yard before his habitation. It was a sort of garden, but we could easily see him, and they gave us to understand that the more we looked the better he would be pleased. He was seated under a tree, a sort of dwarf palm, which shaded him from the rays of the sun, but under the tree was also an um-

brella which effectually protected his head. This portly, corpulent personage was stretched out at his ease, leaning back in a great armchair, and his dinner was served to him by female slaves. There were two others whose services no European gentleman would have endured. One fed him with a spoon, the other held a dish in her hand, and wiped off all that the other dropped upon the beard or the silk coat of his lordship. This gross, fat brute thought it beneath him to make use of his hands for such services as kings and potentates would rather do for themselves than be annoyed by the awkward fingers of their menials."

To be as exact as possible, we should add that this story is told by Marco Polo concerning some potentate in Thibet, but it is much more probable that Defoe got it out of Mandeville.

EMILE MONTEGUT.

From The Contemporary Review.
RECOLLECTIONS OF A VOYAGE WITH
GENERAL GORDON.

DURING the early part of the year 1882 General, then Colonel, Gordon, was stationed in the Mauritius Barracks, in command of the troops there. Just at that time the troubles in Basutoland were gathering to a head, and threatened to culminate in another native war; and Colonel Gordon had communicated the wish that he should be allowed to proceed to the affected region, and use his influence in bringing about an amicable settlement of the awkward difficulty which had presented itself. Gordon's offer was accepted, and the English mail, which arrived at Mauritius on the 3rd of March, 1882, conveyed orders to him to proceed forthwith to Cape Colony. Those who have studied Gordon's character will readily understand the extent of his anxiety, that he should at once, and without a moment's unnecessary delay, carry out the injunctions of the order; but the probability of delay did present itself. At that time the facilities for passing between Mauritius and the Cape were very inadequate, and Gordon at once perceived that to wait several weeks for the next passenger steamer would mean the retarding, if not indeed the ruin, of his mission. The commander of the *Ever Victorious* army hated procrastination, and he determined now, if it could possibly be done, to overcome the difficulty and prevent delay.

In the Mauritius harbor there lay a small trading schooner of three hundred tons burden, named the *Scotia*,* and, on inquiry, Gordon was informed that this tight little craft would proceed in a few days to Cape Town. This was his chance. He at once communicated to the captain of the *Scotia* his intention of joining the ship and of proceeding with it to its destination. The communication came as a surprise to all on board, and the captain's wife (who sailed with her husband) was exceedingly perplexed that no time was left to make more adequate preparations for the distinguished passenger; for the *Scotia*, a small vessel, fully manned, had no pretensions to offer either the usual comfort or the ordinary conveniences of a passenger boat, and the reception of the military magnate must therefore be of the humblest, if of the kindest, description. In a diary of the voyage—which the writer has had the advantage of perusing—and under date April 1, the following entry is made: "At 4 P.M. a letter came to say that Colonel Gordon (Gordon Pasha) was going as passenger with us to Cape Town. It took us all by surprise. We felt rather put out at having a passenger at all, and more especially such an illustrious one. However, we have to make the best of it."

The colonel informed the captain of the *Scotia* that he would come on board at a given hour in the afternoon, and, by the time arranged on, such preparations as could be made for his reception were completed. The afternoon wore into evening, however, and the evening into night, and still the distinguished passenger did not appear. The captain and his wife concluded that the colonel had changed his mind, and were just making everything snug for the night when, close on midnight, a stealthy step was heard on deck, and next minute, the missing one presented himself at the cabin door. He apologized heartily for neglecting to keep his engagement, and hastened to explain the reason of his lateness. On its becoming known, he said, that he was to leave Mauritius in a couple of days, his military comrades and many private friends had resolved to make him the subject of a parting demonstration. "This sort of thing" he heartily detested; and, in order to shun the ordeal of being lionized, he had walked into the country a distance of some twelve miles, and there secreted

himself till darkness fell, after which he walked back again to the town, and from thence to the *Scotia*. No wonder that the captain and his wife were somewhat amused at the explanation. This little incident, however, did much to reveal the man, and tended to popularize the stranger in the eyes of his host and hostess. For an hour he talked lightly, and seemed to derive much enjoyment from the fact that he had succeeded in escaping the honors his friends wished to bestow on him. With that peculiar aptitude which truly great men have for making all those around them feel happy and at ease, the colonel, even before he retired to rest that night, had fairly established himself as a favorite with all on board; for he was a man who, as the captain put it, "sternly resisted all fuss."

Early on the following forenoon the ship was besieged by visitors who came to bid the colonel God-speed. They by no means represented only the "upper crust" of Mauritius society, but included many in the middle and lower class of life to whom, at one time or other, Gordon had shown kindness. In connection with this reception of visitors, an incident occurred that went still further to the revealing of Gordon's gentlemanly disposition. Late in the afternoon a lace-coated officer from the barracks—a personage of "high degree"—strode on deck, with that air of hauteur which, alas! those bearing her Majesty's commission so often display in intercourse with the merchant marine. Without deigning to lift his cap to the captain's wife, who happened to be on deck, or even stopping to exchange compliments with the captain, he, whisking his cane in quite a lofty manner, asked curtly, "Is the colonel at home?" Gordon, who saw the whole proceeding, emerged from his place on deck, and dryly exchanged civilities with the officer, whose manner had suddenly become quite ingratiating. The interview was a brief and formal one, and, when the dignified young officer stepped down the gangway, Gordon stepped up to the captain and his wife and offered a sincere apology for the bad manners displayed by his last visitor. When he had done this, he took occasion to remark that, had his command at the barracks not come to an end, he should certainly have deemed it his duty to tell the haughty fellow what he thought of his breeding. "He had no more right," he said, "to come on board your ship and act as he has acted than the occupier of the British throne would have to enter the

* The *Scotia* was then, and is now, commanded by Captain Wm. Duncan, Kingston-on-Spey, Morayshire.

private house of any of her subjects, and demand to be shown through its rooms, without first securing the consent of its owner." This incident, slight as it may appear, seemed to give the colonel much pain, for nothing offended him more deeply, or called forth his indignation more effectually, than the witnessing of an ungentlemanly action of any kind.

Gordon's love for children was somewhat akin to a passion, and several of the Mauritius boys and girls, on whom he had been accustomed to bestow — what were always at his command — a kindly smile and an encouraging word, came on board the ship to bid him good-bye. One little lad, in whose welfare the colonel had taken a very special interest, came among the rest, and was introduced to the captain and his wife as "My pet lamb." The child brought with him a parting gift for his benefactor, consisting of a couple of bottles of sherry, and these he presented shyly to the great soldier. The colonel thanked his favorite very warmly for the gift, and then parted from his "pet lamb" in the most affecting manner. The bottles of sherry were not uncorked, nor was a case of champagne that he received as a parting gift from his friends disturbed during the voyage, for Gordon's habits were of a strictly temperate nature, and it was only on the rarest occasions that he could be induced to taste stimulants.

The colonel's luggage, which was of a very meagre description, was easily stowed, the only bulky item of it being a large and very heavy box, addressed "Colonel Gordon," and with the word "Stationery" printed in large characters on the lid. The captain was naturally much exercised as to how and when his illustrious passenger intended to consume such a tremendous supply of writing materials, but the real contents of the box were, as yet, a secret.

On the 4th day of April the anchor was weighed, and the voyage to the Cape begun. The wind was at first light, but on the following day a swell prevailed, and Gordon, who always admitted he was a very bad sailor, had to draw on his heroism to support him under *mal de mer*. In short, he utterly failed to keep up; he fell sick, and was reluctantly forced to remain below. Indeed, it was while he was yet suffering severely from the horror of seasickness that he became a general, for, under date April 6, we find this entry: "Yesterday we had a colonel on board; to-day we have a general, for this is the day of our passenger's promotion. He

does not seem to attach much importance to his honors." For the next day or two excellent weather prevailed, and the general's health and spirits improved proportionately. He was a great smoker, and, seated in a big easy-chair, which had been placed on deck for him, enclouded in cigarette smoke, he would sit for hours during the heat of the day, and talk in the most entertaining manner. At nightfall he would, when in the humor for it, keep the watch company on deck, and while away the tedium by drawing liberally from his never-ending fund of stories, and very occasionally he would touch on his own past history and future prospects. He shrank from all appearance of self-laudation, and would never encourage questions that would involve him in anything of the kind. In the cabin, of a night, he would often allow his conversation to flow forth in a swift and unbroken current. Nor was his talk ever frivolous. Many times, indeed, his manner was serious, and even solemn, and often he would sit for hours silent, and apparently deep in thought.

According to the diary, the general possessed one theme on which he specially delighted to speak. Under date April 8, appears the following somewhat remarkable passage: —

"The general was very talkative this evening, explaining to us his pet theory — viz., that the Seychelles Islands, which are situated to the north-east of Madagascar, are the site of the Garden of Eden! He gave many reasons for thinking so — one being that there was a tree found there that is not to be found in any other part of the world. This, he is confident, is the 'forbidden tree'! It is called the *cocodemer*, or 'nut of the sea,' and has many peculiarities. The nut is shaped like a heart, but, with its husk taken off, it is like a man's body from the chest to the knees. To raise a tree, he explained, a nut is laid on the ground and covered with leaves. By-and-by, a shoot comes out and runs along the ground, and when about twelve feet long, it takes root. The root is in the form of a bulb four feet in diameter. The tree itself grows to the height of one hundred feet, and is only about nine inches thick. It is forty-seven years old before it bears fruit, and its nuts grow seven in a bunch, from the end of the extended arm, each weighing perhaps forty pounds. They take seven years to ripen. The leaves are twenty-five feet long and fourteen feet broad, and can bear a man's weight! It must, indeed, be a wonderful tree."

Many times during the voyage, in conversation during the evening, Gordon would revert to this pet theory. But, though he would sometimes become quite eloquent over the subject, his arguments hardly persuaded the other occupants of the cabin; the captain, a sound-headed Scotsman, "thinking to himself that if the theory was a correct one, then Eve must have experienced considerable difficulty in getting the 'apple' conveyed to her husband."

In connection with this eccentric idea, so firmly believed in by Gordon, let me mention a peculiar and somewhat remarkable incident, as given in the captain's own words.

"One morning," said the master of the Scotia, "I was working upon deck when, in his usual polite manner, the general came and asked me to give him a hand in moving the large trunk marked 'Stationery,' which had, up till this time, occupied a place in his room. I went. He merely wished its position reversed — that is, its address side turned toward the wall, so that he would not, as he said, see that imposing word 'Stationery' meeting his eye every time he ascended to the deck, or descended from the deck to the cabin. He did not yet tell me what the mysterious box contained, but some days later, he informed me that he wished to put its contents into less space, and respectfully asked me to help him. The case was, after some difficulty, opened, and judge of my surprise when, instead of books and papers, as I expected, there met my eyes a great number of equally cut pieces of wood, arranged with the greatest possible care, and almost filling the large box. The general, perceiving my surprise, speedily explained to me that this was a treasure he prized more highly than all his personal belongings, 'for,' said he, suddenly becoming serious, 'this is the wood of the coco-de-mer, the "forbidden tree." I heard,' he continued, 'that there was at one time seen in Mauritius a chest of drawers made of this wood, and, though its discovery cost me protracted search, I at last came across it in a second-hand upholsterer's shop. I paid a good price for the old and rickety piece of furniture, and depend on it, I would not have lost the rare opportunity of possessing a quantity of this most valuable of woods — not for any sum.'"

He afterwards presented the captain's wife, as a mark of the greatest favor, with a piece of the wood which he so much

cherished, and that, together with a pair of ostrich eggs which he gave her as a keepsake, on his leaving the Scotia, are now preserved by her with the greatest care and veneration.

A certain and considerable portion of every day was set aside by the general for reading. The mail which brought the orders for him to proceed to South Africa also brought a month's daily papers — the *Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News* — in all nearly a hundred great sheets. These, which he took with him, he read with the greatest eagerness and care, and the rapidity with which he read surprised those on board. Not a single item, however trivial, escaped his notice, and of this he gave proof when giving of an evening what he called "a digest of the news budget." The newspapers exhausted, he tackled the captain's library, which happily was of considerable proportions. Nor did he seem to have any particular fancy for any special kind of literature. Astronomy, navigation, history, geography, and whatever else came first to hand, seemed to be equally acceptable to his mind, for he read the books as eagerly as he had done the newspapers. He undoubtedly possessed, too, the enviable faculty of imparting to those around him knowledge he derived from his reading, and his stock of information was as varied as it was accurate. Both the captain and his wife bear testimony as to that, declaring that to sit and listen to his conversation on any subject that lay near his heart, was indeed a pleasure which they appreciated very highly. Especially on philanthropic questions would he speak with the greatest enthusiasm and earnestness, and then it was that the tenderness and largeness of his heart were manifested to the fullest degree.

When a little more than a week's sail from Mauritius, the wind rose suddenly, and, as suddenly, a dark cloud passed over the general's buoyancy, for he had a wholesome dread of a stormy sea. The higher the waves reared themselves the lower sank his vitality, and the old enemy, sea-sickness, again attacked him without mercy. He recovered, however, in a few days, and was soon able to move about. "The general is better," says the diary, "but as he is very positive, and would sit on deck during the rain, it is to be feared that he will be ill to-morrow." The prophecy, alas! proved to be only too true, and daily Gordon's health went from bad to worse, as this entry will show: —

Our guest has been very sick. He is still suffering, and all the while we have had comparatively fine weather. It is hard to say what will become of him when it is rough. He is not improving in health, far less in spirits. *He desires to be landed at the first port we reach!* It is surprising that he has lost heart so soon. How many kinds of courage there must be! This great soldier must have undergone many hardships and seen much sickness during his travels in Africa. Besides, his life in China was not all ease and sweetness.

Despite careful nursing his case grew worse, and his suffering and misery were described by himself as "far more severe than he had ever during his lifetime experienced, either at home or abroad." Very often he repeated his determination to go on shore at the very first port the Scotia reached, and one morning, after a sleepless night of sickness, he called the captain to his bedside, and offered him £50 if he would make for land with all possible speed.

But, under date of Wednesday, April 13, we meet this encouraging entry: "The general is better, and is getting on splendidly!" Again, the captain said, his free and easy manner returned to him; his merry laugh and cheery word could be heard both fore and aft, and his cigarette-case, which had remained untouched for a week or more, was again often appealed to. He had a great love for nautical expressions, and used to vie with the crew in his frequent use of them. The most ordinary story he made amusing by padding plentifully with these. In those bright days, after he had mastered the sickness, he became happier than ever, and he took delight in poking fun at all around him. He had his big armchair taken on deck, and placed alongside his hostess's work-table, and there he would sit for hours together, with his favorite cigarette between his lips, intently reading. But often he would lay the book on his knee and, as he puffed tobacco-smoke vigorously from his mouth, his mood would suddenly change; his eyes would assume a "far-away" expression, and there for an hour he would sit almost motionless with his gaze fixed on the sea. These strange fits of absent-mindedness would often overtake him, even when in the midst of conversation with his hostess, and after a lengthy interval of unbroken quiet, he would, by an apparent effort, wake from his day-dream, and talk lightly as before.

Late one beautiful evening he and his hostess were sitting together on deck, he

smoking, and she sewing. Their conversation was as changeable as the breeze that flapped the topsails overhead. The general talked of the perils he had come through when, some years before, he commanded an expedition in search of the source of the Nile; of his friends and home; of his wanderings and privations in different quarters of the globe; and of the momentousness of the task he was now on his way to attempt to perform. Suddenly and unexpectedly the conversation turned upon the subject of matrimony, and his hostess ventured to ask why he had never married. For some seconds the general smoked in silence, and then, speaking slowly, said:—

I never yet met the woman who, for my sake, and perhaps at a moment's notice, would be prepared to sacrifice the comforts of home, and the sweet society of loved ones, and accompany me whithersoever the demand of duty might lead—accompany me to the ends of the earth perhaps; would stand by me in times of danger and difficulty, and sustain me in times of hardship and perplexity. Such a woman I have not met, and such an one alone could be my wife!

The answer was as brief as it was emphatic, and the topic of matrimony was not further touched upon.

Where sickness prevailed Gordon never stood inactive. Several of the crew of the Scotia suffered from illness, and they were his especial care. He spoke kindly and cheerily to the poor fellows, and either read to them himself or saw that they were supplied with literature. They were the first he asked after in the morning and his last care at night. He had pet names for several of the crew, and one young lad whom he took a deep interest in, he called the "Dover Powder Youth," from the fact that he used to have a "Dover's-powder" administered to him when he lay ill.

While on board the Scotia the general observed the Sunday in his own characteristic fashion. A large portion of the forenoon he devoted to a close and careful study of his Bible, and he invariably wrote out extensive notes and comments on the portions of Scripture that might have been engaging his attention. This done he would lay aside his note-book, and with his Bible lying open before him, would engage in deep meditation. If one entered the state-room on a Sunday forenoon he would find the great soldier, if not reading or writing as indicated, sitting in his favorite seat with his head resting

heavily on his hand, and his eyes shut as if he were asleep. The afternoon he devoted to conversation and general reading.

Not long before the time of which we write, the general, it will be remembered, had accepted the post of private secretary to Lord Ripon, the then newly appointed governor-general of India. The private secretary, however, suddenly and without warning, flung up the appointment, to the surprise of everybody, and returned home. One evening, in course of conversation, the topic of fashionable society was touched upon and Gordon made reference to the reason that induced him to give up office on the occasion mentioned. The true and only reason he had, he said, for leaving India was that he could not put up with the ways and customs of the high social circle in which he was expected to move. "Dress for dinner, dress for evening parties, dress for balls, dress and decoration, decoration and dress! day after day. I could not," said Gordon, "stand the worry of it, and rather than do so I gave up the appointment."

General Gordon's absolute faith in Providence was one of the leading features of his wonderful and peculiar character. Not once, nor twice, but often, he said, he had been reduced to little short of pecuniary destitution, but he had always been granted enough to do his turn, and assist those in need. For he parted freely with money, and this weakness of his was often taken advantage of by needy persons. He used to tell of a friend of his who was a bit of a spendthrift, and to whom he (Gordon) had often given money. But, even to his generosity there was a limit, and, in reply to a pressing appeal in which his needy relative declared, by way of a threat, that if the money was not sent he would go to Patagonia, Gordon simply replied: "Go, and I trust the change may do you good."

Captain [said the General, as they both sat together on deck one evening, enjoying a smoke] Captain, you remember the occasion on which I was so ill with that horrid seasickness, when in my sore trouble I offered you fifty pounds to land me at the nearest port? I could have held good my bargain, but nothing more. I have been making a rummage over my pecuniary possessions, and I find that I can scrape together exactly that sum—all I possess in the world.

The remaining days slipped quietly and happily by, and at length the voyage of almost a month's duration was drawing to a close, for, under date May 2, we read: "Saw the Cape of Good Hope at four P.M.,

and were within sight of its lights all night;" and then a little further on: "We were very pleased to get round the Cape at last, and had a glass of wine with the general to congratulate each other on the event."

At length, his destination reached, the general parted from those on board the Scotia, not before faithfully promising to come back and spend an evening soon. ("We will miss the general's company much," says the diary.)

In a few days afterwards, therefore, in fulfilment of his promise, the general came on board, and stayed the evening; and, over a cup of tea, he told the captain and his wife of an awkward situation he had found himself in since last he saw them. His arrival in Cape Town was known only to his two nephews, but, when the intelligence that he was in the city got wing, he received numerous invitations to dinners, suppers, balls, and the like. He went to an evening party at the house of a wealthy and influential citizen, and gave this account of his adventures:—

At last the time came [he said] when we had to tack ahead and drop anchor in the dining-hall. I was offered the arm of my hostess, and buckling on to the port side, I made good headway for some time. As we approached the door of the dining-hall, I could see that it was too narrow to allow berth room for two clippers under full sail. I therefore dropped behind, and allowed my hostess to sail ahead, but, failing to keep a proper lookout, I stupidly planted my foot on my escort's dress-tails, and rent the garment. For my heinous blunder I received a wild look of disapproval, and I shall not easily be forgiven. During the evening I fell into several other mistakes, and, when I rose to leave, the company seemed as heartily relieved as I was.

Thus he chatted till late on in the night, when he took a final farewell, and left, nor did his host and hostess ever see his genial face again.

A few days later the captain of the Scotia received a brief letter from the general, stating that, as he had taken command of the colonial forces, he would proceed up country immediately. He did not forget to ask particularly after those on board who, during the recent voyage, had received so much kindness at his hands; for, in a postscript, he asks, "How is the invalid Martin and the 'Dover Powder Youth'?" This note was followed by another (both letters are carefully preserved and highly valued by the captain), in which he asked as a favor that one of the two ostrich eggs he had given to the

captain's wife should be presented to his "pet lamb, Willie Brodie," and then follows the benediction, "Good-bye, all of Scotia!"

Except [said the captain of the Scotia] on one other occasion when General Gordon sent us his compliments, we heard no more of him till his death was lamented in both hemispheres and his name was on every lip. And I often think that could we, by some means, have been afforded a glimpse into the distant future; could we have witnessed the stirring events that crowded the last stages of his career, and looked upon him at the moment when, the eyes of the world turned towards him, he so dearly won the immortal title "The Hero of Khartoum," I question if we could have loved him more than we did, when, as a much more obscure, though a none the less noble man, he was our cabin companion on board the Scotia.

WM. H. SPENCE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A MULTAZIM.

BY A MEMBER OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S COLONY.

COMPARATIVELY few English people have probably any idea of what a *multazim* is; and of these few, scarcely one could tell what the experiences of a multazim would be like. Indeed, the writer of this article believes that he is the only Englishman, at any rate of the present generation or century, who has undertaken the office in Syria; and an account of his experiences may therefore prove instructive and interesting.

A multazim, then, is the modern name for a publican—not the stout, red-faced landlord of a tavern or beer-shop, but the genuine publican of Bible history, the fellow-craftsman of Matthew and Zacchæus, then despised of the Pharisee, the by-word for extortion and oppression, and the object of the fear, scorn, and hatred of the Jewish people of old, being classed by them in a common category with sinners of the vilest description.

Things move very slowly in the Holy Land; and the manners and customs of the people of Syria are, in many respects, precisely the same at the present day as they were in the time of Christ. Amongst other institutions the system of tax-gathering retains much of its original character. As the Jewish natives of Palestine were then under the sway of a foreign ruler, the Roman emperor, so the present Syrian natives owe allegiance to a foreign

sovereign, the sultan of Turkey. As then they were required to render tribute to Cæsar, so now they have to pay tithe to the sultan. As then the tribute was farmed out by the Roman government to native tax-gatherers, who were known as publicans, so now the tithes are farmed by the Turkish authorities to native Syrians, who are designated by the title of multazims. And as in the old times the publicans generally availed themselves of the opportunities thus afforded them for oppressing and robbing the poor farmers and peasants, so do the multazims of the present day.

The harvest in Syria generally commences about the end of April or the beginning of May. The crops most commonly grown are as follows: wheat (*kumh*), barley (*sha'ir*), dourah, beans (*ful*), peas (*hamoos*), vetches (*kursâni*), lentils (*addas*), sesame (*simsim*), and tobacco (*titlûm*). The multazim has nothing to do with the tobacco crop, the tax on which, amounting to nine-tenths of the produce, is taken by a separate government official. But of all the other crops the multazim has authority to take his share; and, in addition, he receives the tithes on olives (*zeitûn*), figs (*teen*), and other fruit-trees, vineyards (*kroom*), honey (*assal*), and onions (*bassal*). The tithes of these latter are generally taken by the multazim, not in kind, but in money; the fruit-trees belonging to each person are counted, and the number of beehives in working order reckoned, and so many piastres are charged upon each; whilst the vineyards and onion-beds are assessed according to their superficial areas. As the value of these assessments is entirely at the multazim's discretion, a splendid field is at once opened for extortion and overcharge, of which the ordinary multazim is by no means slow to avail himself.

It may seem strange that such unjust rapacity should be possible; that the *fellahîn* should thus submit to be cheated; and that there should be no court of appeal against the wrongs inflicted by the multazim. But it must be remembered that Syria is under the Turkish sway; that justice and fair dealing have no place in the Turkish political creed; that it is to the interest of the government to obtain as high a price as they can for the farming of the tithes; and that they would not be able to secure as much as they do if the multazim did not know that any appeal to the government against his extortions would be useless, and if the *fellahîn* were not equally aware, to their cost, that they

would only be throwing good money after bad, if they ventured to apply for justice and redress.

The tithes of each village are put up to auction every year, when the time of harvest has arrived, and the highest bidder becomes the multazim of that village for that particular year. The amount for which he has farmed the tithes has to be paid in six monthly instalments — the first deposit being handed over when the contract is signed between the multazim and the government officials; and so long as he keeps to his contract, and punctually pays the instalments, the multazim knows that he is free to treat the peasantry very much as he pleases.

As soon as he has secured the office, the first step which the multazim takes is to repair to the village — the tithes of which he is now farming — accompanied by three men, two of whom are called "watchers" and the third the "measurer." The duties of the former, as their name implies, is to keep strict guard over the thrashing-floors; the office of the latter is to measure out the grain when the time arrives for the ingathering of the tithes. Having assessed the value of the trees, beehives, vineyard, etc., the multazim generally returns to his own house, leaving the watchers and measurer behind him.

On the outskirts of each village is a level space of ground of sufficient size to answer the requirements of the village, which is known by the name of the *bay-ader*, or thrashing-floor. Each farmer and peasant has his own particular portion marked off by a row of stones; and this portion is religiously handed down from father to son, and jealously guarded from encroachment. Hither the various crops are borne on the backs of camels or donkeys as soon as they are reaped in the fields, and they are there piled up into separate stacks to be thrashed out in turns.

The thrashing is a long and tedious process, occupying several months. It commences about the beginning of June and often is not completed till the end of September, or even in some cases till the middle of October. During all this time the thrashing-floor presents a lively, busy, and most picturesque scene. The process is a very primitive one, being identical with that which was in vogue in the times of Old Testament history. Nay, the hieroglyphic representations on Egyptian monuments show that the same method was adopted by the farmers of Egypt at least five thousand years ago. A flat board,

something like the bottom of a sleigh, with small sharp pieces of basalt firmly let into its under-sides, is driven round and round upon the surface of the corn, which is spread out in a circle of from six to twenty yards in diameter, according to the quantity to be thrashed. A boy rides on the board, and drives the horse or oxen as the case may be. Meanwhile one or two men stand in the middle, and with three-pronged wooden forks turn the corn over so as to expose all portions equally to the action of the thrashing-board. Sometimes, instead of the board, four or more oxen yoked together simply tread out the corn; but this is even a slower and more tedious process than the former. In this case one sees the oxen invariably muzzled, except at rare intervals, notwithstanding the Scripture injunction: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." The multazim would not allow the oxen to remain unmuzzled, lest the amount of his tithes might be affected thereby. The method of thrashing which is adopted grinds up the straw into minute fragments finer than can be produced by a chaff-cutting machine. The straw so ground is called *tibn*, and, mixed with barley, it forms the principal fodder for horses.

When after several days' thrashing the straw has been sufficiently ground and the grain separated from the ear, the whole is piled up into a large heap in the centre of the thrashing-floor. There it has to remain in this condition until the multazim chooses to give the order for winnowing. It is not unfrequently several weeks, or even months, before this order is given, as the multazim generally lives some distance away, and he is too lazy to make many journeys to the place. Hence he waits until every farmer has thrashed out all his various crops, and then gives an order for a general winnowing.

Of course, such a condition of affairs would be impossible, were it not for the fact that in Syria no rain ever falls between May and October, and very seldom between April and November. This explains a passage in the prophet Jeremiah, which one often hears selected as the text for a sermon, but of which English preachers fail to see the full force, owing to their ignorance of the climatic conditions of the Holy Land. In Jeremiah v. 24, the prophet, in alluding to the natural blessings of Providence upon the land, says that God "giveth rain, both the former and the latter, in his season; *He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest.*"

The whole agricultural success of the country depends on the three conditions here enumerated. From the middle of November to the early part of December the "former rains" invariably come, in a greater or less quantity. By then the ground, parched and hardened by the long summer drought, becomes fit for the farming operations of ploughing and sowing. An interval of from three to four weeks' fine weather generally ensues, during which these farming operations are assiduously carried on. Then throughout the whole of January, there is an almost incessant succession of storms and rain. These are known as the "middle" rains. February is, as a rule, more or less fine. Then come March and April, which are the most critical months of the year to the farmer. During them the "latter" rains should fall. If these come then—a good supply of showers—an abundant harvest is ensured; if there is a scarcity of rain, a failure of the crops is bound to ensue. Hence the importance of the "former" and the "latter" rains. Without the former, no ploughing or sowing could be accomplished; without the latter, no harvest would be secured. The middle rains are certain to come; but the former and the latter are the most critical.

Neither of these, however, would be of much practical use to the farmer under the Oriental conditions of cultivation, were they not succeeded by an unbroken spell of sunshine. The "weeks of the harvest" must be entirely free from rain, or else the crops on the thrashing-floors would be irretrievably ruined. Hence the significance of the prophet's statement: "He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest. The Hebrew word translated "reserveth," means more literally "secur-eth by oath;" and the certainty of fine weather during the harvest operations is so absolute in Syria, that to the mind of the devout Jewish prophet it appeared as the result of an oath which God himself had sworn. It is this absolute certainty which alone renders the mode of thrashing which is adopted to be at all practicable.

Nor is this mode, primitive as it may appear to the eyes of Western civilization, by any means to be despised. Other methods, such as the flail and the modern thrashing-machine, have been tried in a few places; but experience has led even Europeans to fall back upon the original process. The German colonists at Haifa, on their first settling in the country, procured a powerful horse-machine, but after the first year's trial they discarded it; and

for the last eighteen or twenty years it has stood on an empty plot of ground in the midst of the colony, neglected and unused, gradually crumbling into decay under the influence of the weather. This year we ourselves purchased an excellent hand-machine, with all the latest improvements, from one of the principal manufacturing firms in England; but it has not been found to answer, and we have been obliged to finish the thrashing in the Syrian way.

The fact is that, in many essential points, the conditions and needs of Eastern agricultural life differ radically from those of the West. Apart from the settled climate of which I have spoken, time is of little or no consequence in Syria. Supposing that the harvest and thrashing operations were concluded in four or five weeks, there would be nothing left for the farmers and peasants to do until the former rains came on; and, on the principle that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, it is just as well that the farming operations should thus be protracted over several months. Then again, one of the principal objects is to grind up the straw as fine as possible; and this can be done in no way so effectually as by means of the thrashing-board. The lack of hay and other fodder renders the *tibn*, or finely ground straw, essential and invaluable.

The want of ready money and capital is another element which hinders the introduction of machinery into this country. Add to this the absence of carriage-roads and the wretched condition of even the bridle-tracks. No native farmer could afford the expense of purchasing or working machines for himself; and the impossibility of transportation prevents the use of machines on hire.

On the whole, then, after all, the time-honored system in vogue is perhaps the best. At the same time, the long delay between the commencement of thrashing and the ingathering of the grain often presses most harshly upon the poor farmer. His corn is the only means of subsistence for his family and himself; it is also the only source from which to obtain the money to satisfy the demands of his relentless creditors. For almost every farmer and peasant is bound hand and foot in the clutches of the accursed money-lender. Under these circumstances, what is he to do? His wife and children at home are crying out for bread; his creditors are clamoring for the payment of their usurious interest; and on his thrashing-floor he beholds from day to day the precious store of golden grain, which

alone can satisfy both these demands. He has but to spend a few hours in winnowing his corn, and the difficulties which oppress him will be removed. Yet, if he dare to touch the heap before he receives permission from the multazim, the latter will at once pounce down upon him, and confiscate, it may be, the whole produce of his year's labor. For such is the tyrannical law and custom of the land. If a farmer takes any corn in without the multazim's leave, he is liable to forfeit the whole of his store. It is by no means uncommon for a multazim thus purposely to draw out the agony, and protract the ingathering so long that some unfortunate peasants become desperate, and stealthily endeavor to abstract a portion of their produce under the cover of night, in the hope of evading the watchers' eyes. This, however, is a very dangerous and risky affair; and a simpler and safer plan is usually adopted. Like every other official in the country, from the highest government magnate down to the lowest menial, the watcher is not impervious to a bribe; and the wages which he receives from the multazim for guarding his interests are generally considerably augmented by the *bakshish* which he receives from the farmers for acting unfaithfully to his trust. I have known an instance where a multazim deliberately kept the produce of a whole village on the thrashing-floor, awaiting his orders for removal, until the first rains commenced; and when the villagers, seeing their precious corn exposed to ruin by the weather, began in haste to gather it in, he confiscated in one fell swoop the entire mass of grain. The poor ruined peasants protested to the government against this outrage, but they could obtain no redress; the consequence being that they left their homes and village in a body, and migrated to another part of the country. This is, of course, an extreme case; and it is not often that even a multazim is so unjust and oppressive as this. But after all, it is only an exaggerated form of a common principle which guides the tithe-gathering fraternity in their dealings with the peasantry. Their object is to extort as much as they can, by fair means or by foul; and the natural consequence is, that the farmers try their utmost to cheat and defraud them in return. The latter, however, almost invariably come off second-best; and, indeed, between the government, the money-lender, and the multazim, it is a wonder how they manage to exist at all.

When we first came to settle in the vil-

lage where we live, we found the inhabitants, like all others, groaning under the oppression of the usurer. Our first act was to pay off all the creditors of the village, and to take over the debts to ourselves; securing the due payment, with a fair and moderate interest, over a number of years, by the joint guarantee of the whole village, and a general mortgage of their land. By this means, the poor peasants were freed from one of their three great oppressors; and, for the first time in their history, a gleam of hope was imparted to them of better days to come.

But we soon found that it would be further necessary to deal with the multazim question. Accordingly, last year it was resolved that I should make the experiment of undertaking the office myself. The first idea of this suggestion came from the people themselves. A large deputation of their sheikhs and principal farmers waited upon me one day with the earnest request that I would be the multazim for the year; and they faithfully promised that they would act in all ways honestly and straightforwardly, and that I should experience no difficulty with them. After due consideration, I determined to comply with their request. There were several reasons which induced me to do so, the chief of which was, that I felt that an opportunity was thus offered of teaching both our own villagers, and others as well, that honesty was really the best policy. I went carefully over the estimates; and I concluded that, if all went straightforwardly, I should not lose any money over it, but should probably gain a moderate amount,—perhaps from £20 to £40. The usual answer which multazims give, when questioned as to the justice of their proceedings, is, that they are obliged to have recourse to extortion and trickery, or else they could never make the office pay. I was anxious, if possible, to prove the fallacy of this assertion. It soon became rumored abroad that I had determined to make the experiment; and from all quarters I was warned that the result would be a certain failure.

One enterprising multazim came to call upon me to offer his services. He was a most courteous, civil, and polished Syrian,—quite a gentleman in his way. Nothing could exceed the grace and suavity of his manner, as he set before me his reasons for warning me that I was doomed to an egregious failure. He told me that the first element of success was a well-practised expertness in the art of lying; and he added, with true Oriental courtesy,

"No English gentleman is accomplished in deceit." He then proceeded to suggest that if I would only take him on as a partner, he would carry me prosperously through. I asked him whether he intended to intimate by this that he himself was an adept in the art of which he had spoken. It is impossible to describe the air of self-recommendation with which he rose from his seat, placed his hand upon his heart, and, bowing low before me, replied, "Sir, I am a *first-rate liar*!" I ventured to remark that it would be rather dangerous for me to enter into partnership with so accomplished a deceiver, as it was just possible that he might be practising some of his first-rate lying upon me. This view of the situation did not appear to have struck him before; but, without any expression of dissent, he answered with the most complacent serenity and imperturbable gravity, "*Hadha sahih*" ("That is true"); and, bowing once more, he resumed his seat, as though there were no more to be said on the subject.

Disregarding all attempts to dissuade me from my purpose, I persisted in my resolve to undertake the office of multazim; more especially as by this means I should get the whole thrashing-floor under my own control, and could therefore collect the debts due to us from the villagers, without any interference from outside. At the same time, I should be able to carry on my experiment of testing the honesty and straightforwardness of the peasants, and teaching them the benefits of mutual confidence and trust, unfettered by any disturbing influence.

A difficulty met me at the outset, for no foreigners are recognized by the government in the bidding for the multazimship; and I was obliged to obtain the services of a native Syrian, who procured the office in his own name, and then transferred the duties and responsibilities to me. In return I gave him due guarantees for the payment of the monthly instalments — amounting to nearly £50 a month — as they became due; and over and above this I had to pay him £T.20 for his services.

At length, after much wearisome delay and many difficulties, I found myself safely installed in my office; and four months of the hardest and most trying work that I have perhaps ever experienced ensued. The principal aims that I set before myself were the following:—

1. To secure as reliable watchers as possible.

2. To be most particular in exercising perfect justice towards the farmers and peasantry.
3. To be equally particular in exacting perfect honesty from them.
4. To relieve them from all needlessly oppressive measures.
5. To be careful to avoid all violence or injury.
6. To superintend personally, so far as possible, every stage of the operations.

This entailed upon me almost incessant work, day after day, from before sunrise until after sunset.

The villagers, who, by the way, are entirely Druses, own a very large tract of land; and, besides the thrashing-floor on the outskirts of the village itself, they have another and larger one about three and a half miles away. During a great portion of the time the work was carried on at this distant thrashing-floor, and I had to be down there every morning before the sun had risen, which necessitated my rising at three o'clock A.M. It was frequently 10 P.M. before I had finished making up and entering the various accounts for the day, so that I had not much time for recreation or sleep. The weather at times was excessively hot; but I am thankful to say that, from first to last, I was blessed with excellent health, and was none the worse for my exertions at the close of my multazim labors.

The village is presided over by two sheikhs; and as is generally the case in Syrian villages, whether Christian, Moslem, or Druse, the community is divided into two factions, with the two rival sheikhs at their respective heads. These I played off one against the other, by selecting as my two watchers one man from each party. The result was eminently successful, for each took care that no one on the other side robbed or defrauded me. To make assurance doubly sure, I appointed my own Arab servant, on whose fidelity I could fully rely, to co-operate with them; and he kept guard over both. Thus, together with my own personal supervision, every possible precaution was taken against fraud or deceit. But, to the honor of the Druses, I am bound to confess that I found little occasion for suspicion. With only one exception, every one met me most honorably; and I had no difficulty in gathering in both the tithes and the debts.

The one exception was a man named Said Hassim, a notorious character in the village, and a near relation of one of the

sheikhs. When I came to his thrashing-floor to gather in corn for tithes and debt, he stoutly resisted payment. My servant endeavored to measure out his corn, but he snatched the measure out of his hand, and flung it away to a considerable distance. Thereupon my Druse watcher, Mahmood Kassim, who belonged to the faction opposed to him, rushed up to him, and began belaboring him with a stick. The other watcher, who was of Said Hassim's party, immediately joined in the fray, and commenced assaulting Mahmood Kassim with the measure which he had picked up. Before I had time to step in and put a stop to the quarrel, the combatants had been joined by other members of their respective factions, who hastily rushed to the scene of conflict from all parts of the thrashing-floor, armed with bludgeons, leathern straps, brooms, wooden harvesting-forks, and every kind of weapon they could lay their hands upon; and for five or ten minutes an indescribable *mélée* ensued. At length, by the aid of a few of the older and principal men of the village, I succeeded in quelling the disturbance, but not before several ugly blows had been given and received.

On our return to the village, I called together a general meeting, and lectured them severely upon their disorderly conduct. They all expressed their regret, and promised that no such outrage should again occur. Next morning, however, Said Hassim, who had been the cause of all the disturbance, went to the government, and laid a complaint against my servant and others, naming eight men as his assailants, and ten others as witnesses on his side. Summonses were accordingly issued for all these persons to appear in three days' time before the judge. As soon as I heard of this, I ordered another meeting of the villagers to be held; and I insisted on the matter being settled out of court. After a good deal of parleying, it was agreed that Said Hassim should withdraw his accusations. Accordingly, he was taken down to the judge next day by the two head sheikhs, and was made to signify his desire not to proceed with his charges.

"That is all very well," replied the judge, "but where is my *bakshish*? Unless you give me a substantial bribe, I shall not allow the case to be withdrawn."

The requisite *bakshish* was soon forthcoming; and having received it, the judge informed them that, as the case was already entered upon the cause list, it would have to be tried before him, as a report of all

cases had to be sent to Constantinople. "There is only one way out of the matter," he added; "all the accused and the witnesses must come before me and testify that they had nothing to do with the assault; and if they can swear that they were not on the thrashing-floor at all, so much the better."

Consequently, upon the day of trial this disgraceful travesty upon justice was solemnly perpetrated. One by one the witnesses got up, and gravely swore before the judge, who knew all the circumstances of the case, that they were not in any way parties to the alleged assault. Many of them declared that they were absent from the village on that day; and one of them, more hardy in false swearing than the rest, asserted that he did not even know where the thrashing-floor was. I am sorry to say that this was Mahmood Kassim, one of my own watchers, who had spent the last three months, night and day, upon the thrashing-floor itself, which was not fifty yards from the house in which he had been born and lived all his life.

The judge, having calmly listened to all these false oaths, promptly nonsuited Mr. Said Hassim; and the whole party returned to the village, triumphantly rejoicing over the success of their proceedings. As soon as I heard of what had occurred, I summoned in haste a third meeting; and indignantly harangued them upon the shamelessness of their conduct. For more than half an hour I vigorously discoursed upon the heinous sinfulness of lying and deceit. No sooner had I sat down, than the *khatib*, or priest of the village, rose, and said, in the most solemn tones, —

"What the *Hawâjah* (the Arabic title of respect) has just been saying is perfectly true. It is a most wicked and unpardonable sin to tell a lie — *unless you can gain something by it!*"

It was with the greatest difficulty that I could make them understand, that this was not in the very least what I had been saying at all.

The incident above related — absolutely true in every respect — will give some insight into Turkish justice. It also shows what little respect is paid to truthfulness as a cardinal virtue by the ordinary Oriental mind. In this respect, I grieve to say, my friends the Druses are little or no better than other native Syrian races; though, taking them altogether, they are far superior to the rest. They are brave, hardy, independent, sober, and abstemious; their very type of face and figure is vastly

above that of other natives; their men are handsome, and their girls really beautiful; and apart from the ingrained and inveterate habit of lying, they are honest and comparatively trustworthy people.

Under the indolent smoothness of their exterior there lurks a fiery and warlike nature, which often needs but a spark to set it in a blaze. The Said Hassim affair was an excellent instance of this. Village feuds are of constant occurrence among them, though they seldom lead to any very serious results. In former years, scarcely a week has passed without some disturbance breaking out upon the thrashing-floors; and frequent conflicts have taken place between the multazim and the peasant, before the former has gained possession of the latter's corn. Hence it is all the more to the credit of the Druses that they manifested so little opposition to me, and showed so willing a disposition to meet me half-way.

My arduous labors came to a successful termination by the end of October. Contrary to the sinister prognostications of pessimist advisers, I realized a small profit, — a little over three thousand piastres, or about £23. Moreover, the main object of my undertaking was, I think, also in a great measure fulfilled; and I am persuaded that one consequence has been that the mutual relations between the Druses and ourselves have been placed on a firmer and more confidential footing. Indeed, so satisfied have I been with the result of my experiment, that I have determined to repeat it this year.

HASKETH SMITH.

HAIFA, 1889.

From The Argosy.

ROBERT BROWNING.

"Stand still, true poet that you are,
I know you; let me try and draw you.
Some night you'll fail us. When afar
You rise, remember one man saw you,
Knew you, and named a star."

A SMALL packet of old yellow letters lies before me as I write, the writing in faded ink. The packet is labelled "from Robert Browning," the letters are addressed to my father, the Rev. W. J. Fox. The date of the earliest of these notes is the year 1833. My father was, at that time, editor of the *Monthly Repository*, a periodical which he endeavored to raise from its original denominational character into a first-class literary and political journal. It was the forerunner of many similar

such, but in its day it stood almost if not quite alone, and like other forerunners was distinctly in advance of its time.

In this periodical did Mr. Browning's earliest work, "Pauline," receive its first public recognition in the April number of the volume for 1833, that is, immediately on publication; while "Paracelsus" was welcomed in the volume for 1835, also as soon as published. The articles were both from the pen of Mr. Fox.

I will quote a few sentences from them, but they would both well bear republication in full. In the first article, the one on "Pauline; a Confession," after a careful analysis of the young author's mental stages and their progress, Mr. Fox continues thus: "The poem in which a great poet should reveal the whole of himself to mankind would be a study, a delight, and a power, for which there is yet no parallel; and around which the noblest creations of the noblest writers would range themselves as subsidiary luminaries.

"These thoughts have been suggested by the work before us, which, though evidently a hasty and imperfect sketch, has truth and life in it, which gave us the thrill, and laid hold of us with the power, the sensation of which has never yet failed us as a test of genius. Whoever the anonymous author may be, he is a poet. A pretender to science cannot always be safely judged of by a brief publication, for the knowledge of some facts does not imply the knowledge of other facts; but the claimant of poetic honors may generally be appreciated by a few pages, often by a few lines; for if they be poetry, he is a poet. We cannot judge of the house by the brick, but we can judge of the statue of Hercules by its foot. We felt certain of Tennyson, before we saw the book, by a few verses which had straggled into a newspaper; we are not less certain of the author of 'Pauline.'"

Mr. Fox proceeds to give many quotations, interspersed with admiring and appreciative comments; towards the close of the article he makes some small criticisms, after which he concludes with the following words: "In recognizing a poet we cannot stand upon trifles, nor fret ourselves about such matters. Time enough for that afterwards, when larger works come before us. Archimedes in the bath had many particulars to settle about specific gravities and Hiero's crown; but he first gave a glorious leap and shouted 'Eureka.'"

This full and complete recognition of the first effort of the young poet was never

forgotten by Mr. Browning, and was often and often referred to by him in later life with touching affection and gratitude. He says in a note (my third in date): "I can only offer you my simple thanks, but they are of the sort that one can give only once or twice in a life. All things considered, I think you are almost repaid if you imagine what I must feel. As for the book, I hope ere long to better it." And, again, in another note, still of the year 1833: "I shall never write a line without thinking of the source of my first praise, be assured."

I have omitted to mention the earliest notes of my treasured little packet. The first is a most characteristic one introducing himself to Mr. Fox, and the next is written to accompany a packet of twelve copies of "Pauline" (the recipient has written outside "the Pauline parcel has arrived"). One of those twelve copies lies before me at this moment, in its original dull drab binding; a second was sent to Mr. John Stuart Mill, who was at that time writing some admirable articles for the *Monthly Repository* for my father, signed A (or Antiquas), on the Greek philosophers. Mr. Browning's signature to his contributions was Z. Mr. Mill, apparently at my father's request, wrote a review of "Pauline" for the *Examiner*, which that paper declined; and Mr. Mill in his note (which lies before me) says that he shall send his review to *Tait*. Those were the days before Mr. John Forster was literary editor of the *Examiner*; even, I think, before Mr. Forster had come to London. I know not what has become of the other ten copies, but can only hope they have been treasured as mine has by me.

In the March of 1835 "Paracelsus" appeared, and was noticed by Mr. Fox, before the end of that year, in the *Monthly Repository* in a careful and appreciative analysis. He speaks of the author as having in this work, "essayed the solution of one of those great enigmas, which human life in its different phases presents."

He continues: "His 'Paracelsus' is, not a personification indeed, but an individualization of humanity, in whom he exhibits its alternate conditions of aspiration and attainment. Truly here is something for the mind to grapple with; but the labor is only of that species which accords with the proper enjoyment of poetry, and which raises that enjoyment to its due degree of loftiness and intensity. Paracelsus left that sort of mingled reputation which exactly suited the author's purpose. It is neither too bad for a blessing, nor too good for a curse."

After copious quotations the article concludes thus: "Our task has been performed rather as expositors than as judges. To take up a book, and that book a poem, with real mental matter in it, is a novelty which calls more for announcement than for criticism. Would that we had oftener occasion for the implied praise and admiration which belong to the record of such a fact. . . . Yet, though possessing little of that species of stimulus which gains sudden popularity, there is abundance of a higher and stronger stimulus in this poem. We now leave it to speak for itself, and fancy its coming into the world, as Brutus did into the rostrum, with the appeal, 'Censure me in your judgments; and awake your senses that you may the better judge.'"

After long years of neglect the public at last responded to that appeal. Those who have learned to admire Browning's noble poetry have indeed had to "awake their senses," in order to be able to appreciate his pregnant and thoughtful work.

Immediately before the publication of "Paracelsus," Mr. Browning writes to Mr. Fox, that he hopes his poem "will turn out not utterly unworthy your kind interest, and more deserving your favor" than anything that Mr. Fox had yet seen; adding, "it will never do for one so distinguished by past praise to prove nobody after all." This note seems to be in reply to one from Mr. Fox, who had obtained for him an introduction to Moxon, who, however, could not be prevailed on to publish "Paracelsus." Mr. Moxon had, apparently, burnt his fingers with the early works of two poets, both of them since taking first rank, and he begged to decline even inspecting Mr. Browning's poem. Messrs. Saunders and Ottley, too, who had previously published "Pauline," I believe at the author's own risk, were applied to in vain; when Mr. Fox bethought him of that ultra liberal, Effingham Wilson, whose name, finally, is found on the title page of the first edition of "Paracelsus."

After the notice of "Paracelsus," Mr. Browning writes: "Sardanapalus could not go on multiplying kingdoms, nor I protestations — but I thank you very much."

Four of Mr. Browning's shorter poems made their first appearance on the pages of the *Monthly Repository*. In 1835 "The King," which was introduced afterwards in "Pippa Passes," as one of Pippa's songs; those songs that effect such momentous changes in the current of the lives of the hearers, all unconsciously to

the little silk-winder of Asolo passing by. "Porphyria," which re-appears in the first number of "Dramatic Lyrics" (original edition) under the title of "Madhouse Cells," and "Agricola" which appears in the "Collected Works;" all of these first saw the light in the *Monthly Repository* volume for 1836. The fourth, a charming sonnet, somewhat Heine-like in character, to be found in the *Monthly Repository* volume for 1834, I have not seen again in any of the later editions of the poet's works. Why I know not, for it deserves not to be lost.

Shortly before the notice of "Pauline," there appears a delightful recognition of Tennyson, whose second little volume, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," had then just appeared, also from the pen of Mr. Fox.

On May 1st, 1837, "Strafford; an historical Tragedy," was produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, through Mr. Macready's agency; he taking the title part, and Miss Helen Faucit the Countess of Carlisle. I am under the impression that my father introduced both the poet and the play to Mr. Macready, with whom he was on terms of intimacy. My father wrote a critique on the play, as it was acted. I find Mr. Browning sadly annoyed at the "considerable alterations" which were made for acting. He says "the complexion of the piece, is, I grieve to say, perfect gallows;" and the acting of the king (which very difficult part it seems to my humble judgment would have required a second Macready to do justice to) was such, that the note leaves it with a dash, as too bad to be described.

In a letter to a relative, from an early friend who was present, I find the performance referred to amongst the London news, so dear at that time to country cousins, in the following interesting passage:—

"Then, 'Strafford:' were you not pleased to hear of the success of one you must I think remember a very little boy, years ago. If not, you have often heard us speak of Robert Browning, and it is a great thing to have accomplished a successful tragedy, although he seems a good deal annoyed at the go of things behind the scenes, and declares he will never write a play again as long as he lives. You have no idea of the ignorance and obstinacy of the whole set, with here and there an exception; think of his having to write out the meaning of the word *impeachment*, as some of them thought it meant *poaching*."

In 1841, the first number of those

delightful "Bells and Pomegranates" appeared, the title of which was such a perpetual puzzle, both to critics and the public; recurring as it regularly did each year with a fresh number, until, with the "Soul's Tragedy," the eighth and last, an explanation was appended. One of these only, appears to have been acted simultaneously with its publication, as "Strafford" was; namely: "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" which bears date, "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. February 11th, 1843." In this play, Macready took the part of Lord Thorold, the elder brother, on the first night of its representation only. I well remember his noble bearing, and dignified grace. It was, however, produced by him in the latter days of his management of Drury Lane, when, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, he was unable to continue to sustain the part, and handed it over to Mr. Phelps for the remainder of the nights that the play ran.

It may perhaps be well for me to mention here that I have the first editions of each work before me, and copy the dates of each as I write; even to the original yellow paper covers of the "Bells and Pomegranates" (enriched with a few gracious words from Mr. Browning to my father on each).

As my memory glances back, and I try to recall my own early impressions of Mr. Browning, one bright morning rises up clear before me, like a sunlit spot through the long, misty years. I see myself, a child, sitting drawing at a sunny cottage window in the then rural suburb of Bayswater. Puffs of sweet scents of hawthorn and roses came floating in at the open window as I drew. I remember that I was trying to copy Retsch's design of a young knight surrounded by Undines, who seek to entice him down with them into the waves, when Mr. Browning entered the little drawing-room with a quick, light step; and on hearing from me that my father was out, and in fact that nobody was at home except myself, he said: "It's my birthday to-day; I'll wait till they come in," and sitting down to the piano, he added: "If it won't disturb you, I'll play till they do." And as he turned to the instrument, the bells of some neighboring church suddenly burst out with a frantic, merry peal. It seemed to my childish fancy, as if in response to the remark that it was his birthday. He was then slim and dark, and very handsome; and — may I hint it — just a trifle of a dandy, addicted to lemon-colored kid gloves and such things; quite "the glass of fashion and

the mould of form." But full of ambition, eager for success, eager for fame, and what's more, determined to conquer fame and to achieve success. Soon after these first publications, he writes to a friend: "I have a headful of projects—mean to song-write, play-write forthwith." And again: "When these three plays are out, I hope to build a huge ode—but all goeth but (with) God's will."

I think it must have been a year or two later, that I remember him as looking in often in the evenings, having just returned from his first visit to Venice. I cannot tell the date for certain. He was full of enthusiasm for that queen of cities. He used to illustrate his glowing descriptions of its beauties, the palaces, the sunsets, the moon-rises, by a most original kind of etching. Taking up a bit of stray notepaper, he would hold it over a lighted candle, moving the paper about gently till it was cloudily smoked over, and then, utilizing the darker smears for clouds, shadows, water, or what not, would etch with a dry pen the forms of lights on cloud and palace, on bridge or gondola, on the vague and dreamy surface he had produced.

My own passionate longing to see Venice dates from those delightful, well-remembered evenings of my childhood.

My father had given up the editorship of the *Monthly Repository*, in 1836, to R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion," and to Leigh Hunt, with the latter of whom the journal died a natural death, two years later. My father became absorbed in political life, which occupied him incessantly from that time onwards. His name is known to the public in conjunction with those of Cobden and Bright in the great Anti-Corn Law struggle, and his pen was a weapon of power in many a goodly fight; but except in occasional lectures, the delights of purely literary work became a thing of the past. Still, I do not remember the time, from the old *Repository* days onward, when a new poem by Browning was not an event and an excitement to him. One day, Mr. John Forster sent word that he would bring the proof-sheets of the "Christmas Eve" to read to us; and how we revelled in the humor of the opening passages; and how Mr. Forster's melodious voice did justice to the grand vision, as the poem proceeds!

In 1858-9 I paid a visit to Rome, where Mr. and Mrs. Browning were also spending the winter, on account of her health, and I saw a good deal of them; more especially, I had the great felicity of passing

many quiet hours in the company of Mrs. Browning, for she kindly sat to me for her portrait in chalks; Mr. Browning, the while, was giving his little son a first-rate music lesson in the adjoining room. The portrait, I may be excused for mentioning, was exhibited at the Royal Academy the same year, and was considered successful by most of those who knew her. She seemed to me to be an angel on earth, so modest, so unselfish.

At that time her poems were extremely popular, whilst Mr. Browning's were beginning only to take hold of the public. I remember his bringing in, during my sittings, an American paper in which the work of the two poets were compared, to the disadvantage of the husband. Mr. Browning seemed piqued, I thought, as was but natural; for the criticism showed both bad taste and want of judgment. But nothing of that sort could cast a shadow of a shade upon the perfect harmony that existed between that ideal pair. Their's was the "better love" that could "defy the scoffer."

Mr. Browning lived chiefly abroad, and took no great interest in the details of English politics, saving all political enthusiasm either for the land of his adoption or for the affairs of past times.

But the early regard between him and my father was not dead, only slumbering. I find in my packet a long letter from Mrs. Browning to my father (under date June, 1859) about Italian matters, enclosing a cutting from an Italian newspaper, a translation into Italian of a public speech of my father's to a meeting at Oldham, which had given great satisfaction to Italian patriots.

Mrs. Browning writes to thank him "for her husband, for herself, and for Italy," for this speech on the Italian question. She says: "One generous voice raised, and that such a thrilling voice as yours, is indeed a thing to thank God for, after all the disappointments, and, let me add, the humiliation we suffer here as to the words and acts of England."

I open also a sort of double letter, written partly by Mr. and partly by Mrs. Browning; a delightful letter from Casa Guidi, date January, 1857, on learning from Mr. Fox of his re-election as member for Oldham. Mr. Browning writes: "I wish from my heart we could get closer together again, as in those old days, and what times we would have here together in Italy;" and after a page of most delightful joking he adds: "I say this foolishly, just because I can't trust myself to be

earnest about it. I would, you know I would, always would, choose you out of the whole English world to judge and correct what I write myself. My wife shall read this, and let it stand, if I have told her so, these twelve years; and certainly I have not grown intellectually an inch over the good and kind hand you extended over my head, how many years ago!"

The letter is long, too long to quote in this place; after speaking of English books and newspapers, or rather the want of them, in Italy, Mr. Browning adds: "Yet for me there would be one book better than any now to be got, here or elsewhere, and all out of a great English head and heart—those 'Memoirs' you engaged to give us. Will you give us them?"

Those memoirs, alas! were never written. He that should have written, and he that would have read them, both now rest beneath the sod. My father died in 1864:

The poet died last month, and now
The world which had been somewhat slow
In honoring his living brow,

Commands the palms.

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

From The Speaker.

FORTUNIO.

WHEN I was a small boy, my parents lived within three miles of Tregarrick, a dead-and-alive little market town, set amid wide and sad-colored moors. It had once a mayor and corporation, could speak of royal visits, and was a noted stage for the mail coaches. These glories, however, were of the past; the railway came, skirted the moors, and left Tregarrick to itself; and now the inhabitants woke up for one day only in the year. But that was a gala day; for Tregarrick goose-fair (which fell in the week after Michaelmas) was, as all the world owned, the most famous in the west country. They cooked a goose there in twenty-two different ways; and as no one who came to the fair would dream of eating any other food, you may fancy what a reek of cooking would fill the narrow grey street soon after midday.

We boys were always given a holiday to go to the goose-fair; and it was on my way thither that I first made Fortunio's acquaintance. I wore a new pair of corduroys, that smelt—oh, how they smelt!—and squeaked, too, as I trotted briskly

along the bleak highroad; for I had a bright shilling to spend, and it burnt a hole in my pocket. I was planning my purchases, when I noticed, on an eminence of the road ahead, a man's figure sharply defined against the sky.

He was driving a flock of geese, so slowly that I soon caught him up; and such a man or such geese I had never seen. To begin with, his rags were worse than a scarecrow's. In one hand he carried a long staff; the other held a small book close under his nose, and his lean shoulders bent over as he read in it. You could tell by the man's undecided gait that all his eyes were for this book. Only he would look up when one of his birds strayed too far on the turf that lined the highway, and would guide it back to the stones again with his staff. As for the geese, they were utterly draggle-tailed and stained with travel, and waddled, every one, with so woe-begone a limp that I had to laugh as I passed.

The man glanced up, set his forefinger between the pages of his book, and turned on me a long, sallow face and a pair of the most beautiful brown eyes in the world.

"Little boy," he said, in a quick, foreign way—"rosy little boy. You laugh at my geese, eh?" No doubt I stared at him like a ninny, for he went on:—

"Little wide-mouthed Cupidon, how you gaze! Also, by the way, how you smell!"

"It's my corduroys," said I.

"Then I do not like your corduroys. But I like you to laugh. Laugh again—only at the right matter; laugh at this——"

And, opening his book again, he read a long passage as I walked beside him; but I could make neither head nor tail of it.

"That is from the 'Sentimental Journey,' by Laurence Sterne, the most beautiful of your English wits. Ah, he is more than French! Laugh at it."

It was rather hard to laugh thus to order; but suddenly he set me the example, showing two rows of very white teeth, and fetching from his hollow chest a sound of mirth so incongruous with the whole aspect of the man that I smiled at his very oddity.

"That's right; but be louder. Make the sounds that you made just now——"

He broke off sharply, being seized with an ugly fit of coughing, that forced him to halt and lean on his staff for a while. When he recovered we walked on together after the geese, he talking all the way in high-flown sentences that were Greek to me, and I stealing a look every now and

then at his olive face, and half inclined to take to my heels and run.

We came at length to the ridge where the road dives suddenly into Tregarrick. The town lies along a narrow vale, and looking down we saw flags waving along the street and much smoke curling from the chimneys, and heard the church bells, the big drum, and the confused mutterings and hubbub of the fair. The sun — for the morning was still fresh — did not yet pierce to the bottom of the valley, but fell on the hillside opposite, where cottage gardens in parallel strips climbed up from the town to the moorland.

"What is that?" asked the goose-driver, touching my arm and pointing to a dazzling spot on the slope opposite.

"That's the sun on the windows of Gardener Tonken's glass-house."

"Eh? — does he live there?"

"He's dead, and the garden's 'to let;' you can just see the board from here. But he didn't live there, of course. People don't live in glass-houses, only plants."

"That's a pity, little boy, for their souls' sakes. It reminds me of a story — by the way, do you know Latin? No? Well, listen to this: if I can sell my geese to-day, perhaps I will hire that glass-house, and you shall come there on half-holidays, and learn Latin. Now run ahead and spend your money."

I was glad to escape, and in the bustle of the fair quickly forgot my friend. But late in the afternoon, as I had my eyes glued to a peepshow, I heard a voice behind me cry, "Little boy!" and turning, saw him again. He was without his geese.

"I have sold them," he said, "for £5; and I have taken the glass-house. The rent is only £3 a year, and I shan't live longer, so that leaves me money to buy books. I shall feed on the snails in the garden, making soup of them, for there is a beautiful stove in the glass-house. When is your next half-holiday?"

"On Saturday."

"Very well. I am going away to buy books; but I shall be back by Saturday, and then you are to come and learn Latin."

It may have been fear or curiosity, certainly it was no desire for learning, that took me to Gardener Tonken's glass-house next Saturday afternoon. The goose-driver was there to welcome me.

"Ah, little wide-mouth," he cried; "I knew you would be here. Come and see my library."

He showed me a pile of dusty, tattered volumes, arranged on an old flower-stand.

"See," said he, "no sorrowful books, only Aristophanes and Lucian, Rabelais, Molière, Voltaire's novels, 'Gil Blas,' 'Don Quixote,' Fielding, a play or two of Shakespeare, a volume or so of Swift, a Horace, Prior's poems, and Sterne — that divine Sterne! And a Latin Grammar and Virgil for you, little boy. First, eat some snails."

But this I would not. So he pulled out two three-legged stools, and very soon I was trying to fix my wandering wits and decline *mensa*.

After this I came on every half-holiday for nearly a year. Of course the tenant of the glass-house was a nine days' wonder in the town. A crowd of boys and even many grown men and women would assemble and stare into the glass-house while we worked; but Fortunio (he gave no other name) seemed rather to like it than not. Only when certain wiseacres approached my parents with hints that my studies with a ragged man who lived on snails and garden-stuff were uncommonly like traffic with the devil, Fortunio, hearing the matter, walked over one morning to our home and had an interview with my mother. I don't know what was said; but I know that afterwards no resistance was made to my visits to the glass-house.

They came to an end in the saddest and most natural way. One September afternoon I sat construing to Fortunio out of the first book of Virgil's "Æneid" — so far was I advanced; and coming to the passage —

Tum breviter Dido, vultum demissa, profatur . . .

I had just rendered *vultum demissa* "with downcast eyes," when the book was snatched from me and hurled to the far end of the glass-house. Looking up, I saw Fortunio in a transport of passion.

"Fool — little fool! Will you be like all the commentators? Will you forget what Virgil has said and put your own nonsense into his golden mouth?"

He stepped across, picked up the book, found the passage, and then turning back a page or so, read out: —

Sæpta armis solioque alte subnixa resedit.

"*Alte! Alte!*" he screamed: "Dido sat on high; Æneas stood at the foot of her throne. Listen to this: 'Then Dido, bending down her gaze . . .'"

He went on translating. A rapture took him, and the sun beat in through the glass roof, and lit up his eyes as he went on and on. He was transfigured; his voice

swelled and sank with passion, 'swelled again, and then, at the words, —

Quæ te tam læta tulerunt
Sæcula? Qui tanti talem genuere parentes?

it broke, the Virgil dropped from his hand, and sinking down on his stool he broke into a wild fit of sobbing.

"Oh, why did I read it? Why did I read this sorrowful book?" And then checking his sobs, he looked up at me with dry eyes.

"Go away, little one. Don't come again; I am going to die very soon now."

I stole out, awed and silent, and went home. But the picture of him kept me awake that night, and early in the morning I dressed and ran off to the glass-house.

He was still sitting as I had left him.

"Why have you come?" he asked harshly. "I have been coughing. I am going to die."

"Then I'll fetch a doctor."

"No."

"A clergyman?"

"No."

But I ran for a doctor. Fortunio lived on for a week after this, and at length consented to see a clergyman. I brought the vicar, and was told to leave them alone together and come back in an hour's time.

When I returned, Fortunio was stretched quietly on the rough bed we had found for him, and the vicar, who knelt beside it, was speaking softly in his ear.

As I entered on tiptoe, I heard: —

"... in that kingdom shall be no weeping —"

"Oh, parson," interrupted Fortunio, "that's bad. I'm so bored with laughing, you see, that the good God might surely allow a few tears."

The parish buried him, and his books went to pay for the funeral. But I kept the Virgil; and this, with the few memories that I impart to you, is all that remains to me of Fortunio. Q.

A CORRESPONDENT sends to the *Nonconformist* the following letter, written by Robert Browning in 1876 to a lady, who, believing herself to be dying, wrote to thank him for the help she had derived from his poems, mentioning particularly "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Abt Vogler," and giving expression to the deep satisfaction of her mind that one so highly gifted with genius should hold, as he held, to the great truths of our religion, and to a belief in the glorious unfolding and crowning of life in the world beyond the grave.

"19 Warwick-crescent, W., May 11, '76.

"Dear Friend, — It would ill become me to waste a word on my own feelings except inasmuch as they can be common to us both in such a situation as you describe yours to be — and which, by sympathy, I can make mine by the anticipation of a few years at most. It is a great thing — the greatest — that a human being should have passed the probation of life, and sum up its experience in a witness to the power and love of God. I dare congratulate you. All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope — and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I had so much of 'genius' as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of

the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of 'genius' have thrilled my soul to its depths, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ: 'Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, he was no man!' ('Savez-vous que jé me connais en hommes? Eh bien, celui-là ne fut pas un homme.') Or as when Charles Lamb, in a gay fancy with some friends as to how he and they would feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more — on the final suggestion, 'And if Christ entered this room?' changed his manner at once, and stuttered out — as his manner was when moved, 'You see, if Shakespeare entered, we should all rise; if *he* appeared, we must kneel.' Or, not to multiply instances — as when Dante wrote what I will transcribe from my wife's Testament — wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago: 'Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there, where that lady lives, of whom my soul was enamored.' Dear friend, I may have wearied you in spite of your good-will. God bless you, sustain, and receive you! Reciprocate this blessing with yours affectionately,

ROBERT BROWNING."

Leisure Hour.

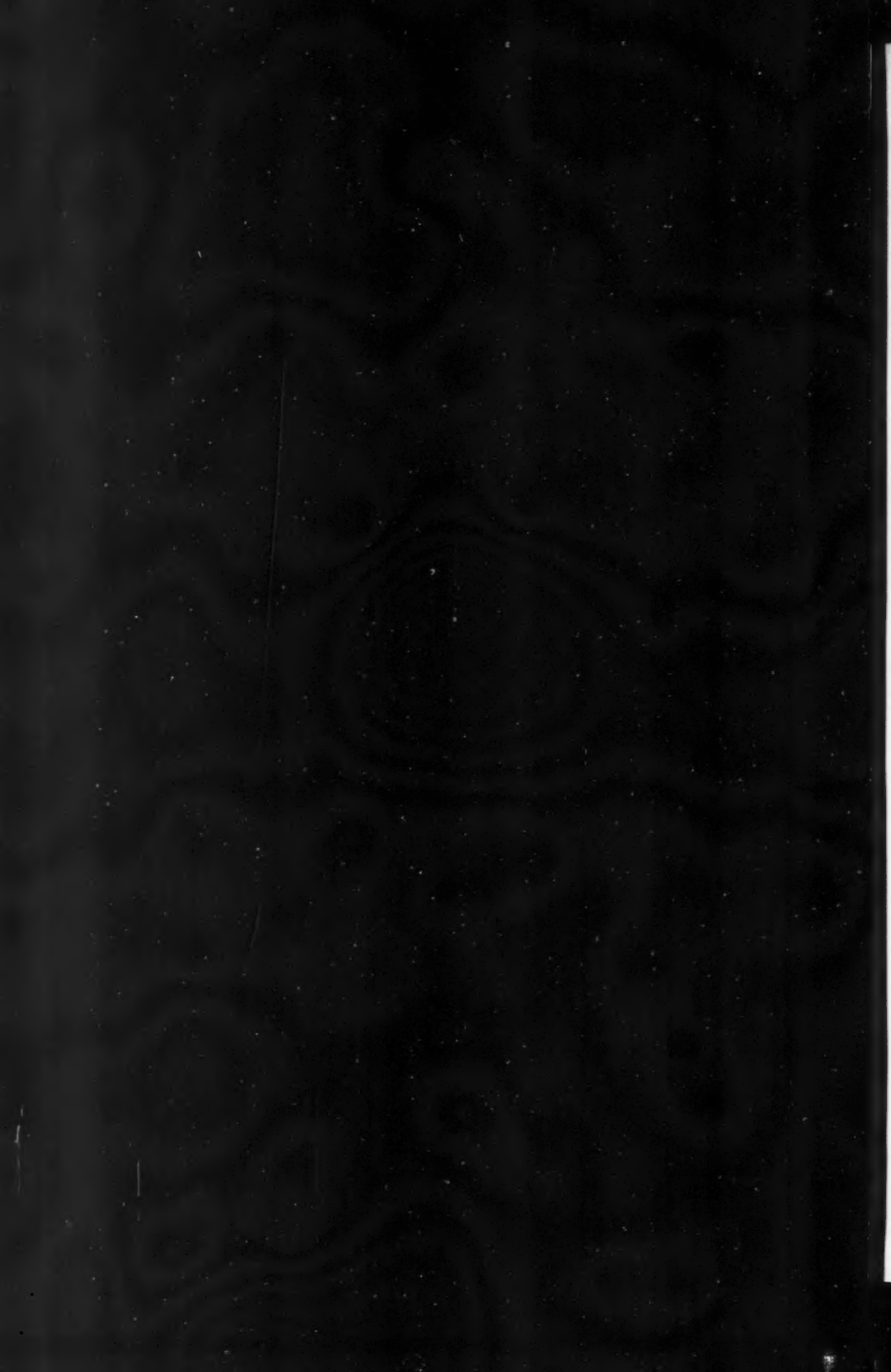
lived
length
ught
alone
ime.
ched
d for
e it,

no

unio,
ning,
urely

books
kept
nem-
re-
Q.

myself
n of
ative
uius'
when
ment,
n an
no
s en
un
in a
and
dead
lood
and if
nner
nner
eare
, we
es —
cribe
re-
be-
t is,
bet-
a my
may
will.
rou l
tion-
,"
ur.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



IN 1890 THE LIVING AGE enters upon its forty-seventh year. Approved in the outset by Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, President Adams, historians Sparks, Prescott, Ticknor, Bancroft, and many others, it has met with constant commendation and success.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE, it gives fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than **Three and a Quarter Thousand** double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a completeness nowhere else attempted,

The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature, and from the pens of

The Foremost Living Writers.

The ablest and most cultivated intellects, in every department of Literature, Science, Politics, and Art, find expression in the Periodical Literature of Europe, and especially of Great Britain.

The **Living Age**, forming four large volumes a year, furnishes from the great and generally inaccessible mass of this literature the only compilation that, while within the reach of all, is satisfactory in the **COMPLETENESS** with which it embraces whatever is of immediate interest, or of solid, permanent value.

It is therefore indispensable to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events or intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in himself or his family general intelligence and literary taste.

OPINIONS.

"He who subscribes for a few years to **LITTELL'S LIVING AGE** gathers a choice library, even though he may have no other books."—*New-York Observer*.

"There is no other publication of its kind so general in its bearing and covering the entire field of literature, art, and science, and bringing between the same covers the ripest, richest thoughts and the latest results of the time in which we live. . . No one who values an intelligent apprehension of the trend of the times can afford to do without it. . . There can indeed be no better teacher, friend, and companion in any family than this incomparable publication."—*Christian at Work, New York*.

"Certain it is that no other magazine can take its place in enabling the busy reader to keep up with current literature. . . By the careful and judicious work put into the editing of **THE LIVING AGE**, it is made possible for the busy man to know something of what is going on with ever-increasing activity in the world of letters. Without such help he is lost."—*Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia*.

"To all who have ever taken it, it is a necessity; those who have yet to make its acquaintance will find it the best possible means of keeping abreast of current foreign thought."—*New-York Evangelist*.

"It holds an undisputed position in the front rank of periodicals. . . Replete with all the treasures of the best current thought, the best fiction, and the best poetry of the day."—*The Presbyterian, Philadelphia*.

"It is one of the few periodicals which seem indispensable. . . It contains nearly all the good literature of the time."—*The Churchman, New York*.

"Biography, fiction, science, criticism, history, poetry, travels, whatever men are interested in, all are found here."—*The Watchman, Boston*.

"Unlike the majority of magazines, it is published weekly instead of monthly. . . It loses nothing of its old-time attractiveness."—*The Congregationalist, Boston*.

"As it grows older it grows better. . . The foremost writers of the time are represented on its pages. . . It is in the quantity and value of its contents *facile princeps*."—*Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh*.

"There may be some things better than **THE LIVING AGE**, but if so we have not seen them. . . For the man who tries to be truly conversant with the very best literature of this and other countries, it is indispensable."—*Central Baptist, St. Louis*.

"It is edited with rare discrimination and tact, and admirably combines instruction and variety."—*Christian Intelligencer, New York*.

"To have **THE LIVING AGE** is to hold the keys of the entire world of thought, of scientific investigation, psychological research, critical note, of poetry and romance."—*Boston Evening Traveller*.

"It keeps the reader in the intellectual life of the time. No better outlay of money can be made than in subscribing for **THE LIVING AGE**."—*Hartford Courant*.

"For the amount of reading-matter contained the subscription is extremely low."—*Christian Advocate, Nashville*.

"Nearly the whole world of authors and writers appear in it in their best moods. . . The readers miss very little that is important in the periodical domain."—*Boston Journal*.

"It may be truthfully and cordially said that it never offers a dry or valueless page."—*New-York Tribune*.

"It is one of the indispensable literary publications of the day. . . To read it is itself an education in the course of modern thought and literature."—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*.

"It maintains its lead in supplying the latest and the best productions of current literary effort."—*North-Carolina Presbyterian, Wilmington*.

"It saves much labor for busy people who wish to keep themselves well informed upon the questions of the day."—*The Advance, Chicago*.

"It enables its readers to keep fully abreast of the best thought and literature of civilization."—*Christian Advocate, Pittsburgh*.

"In this weekly magazine the reader finds all that is worth knowing in the realm of current literature. . . It is indispensable."—*Canada Presbyterian, Toronto*.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

CLUB PRICES FOR THE BEST HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

[* Possessed of **LITTELL'S LIVING AGE**, and of one or other of our vivacious American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself in command of the whole situation."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.]

For \$10.50, **THE LIVING AGE** and any one of the four-dollar monthly magazines (or *Harper's Weekly or Bazar*) will be sent for a year, postpaid; or, for \$9.50, **THE LIVING AGE** and *Scribner's Magazine*, or *Lippincott's Magazine*, or the *St. Nicholas*.

ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts from Notices.

The Churchman, New York, says:—

"This magazine is so well known that it hardly needs at this late day any extended commendation. Each number is in itself a photograph, so to speak, of contemporary foreign literature, all the best articles from the foreign magazines and reviews being republished. Any library possessing a full set of *THE LIVING AGE* has on its shelves a perfect reproduction of the best English thought for the past forty years and more."

The Congregationalist, Boston, says:—

"A wise judgment is displayed in the selection of its contents, which are varied and entertaining while also solid and permanently useful. Among all its rivals it pursues its way tranquilly and successfully. We do not know where to look for its equal in its own line."

The Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh, says:—

"Its immense proportions—four large volumes every year—do not constitute its chief merit; for were these volumes trash, the more there were the worse it would be. But the contents of *THE LIVING AGE* are culled with rare taste and excellent judgment from the vast and rich field of European periodical literature. It is thus, for readers of limited leisure or purse, the most convenient and available means of possessing themselves of the very best results of current criticism, philosophy, science, and literature. Nor is the selection of its articles one-sided, but with impartial justice the various phases of modern thought are presented as set forth by their most distinguished exponents. The foremost writers of the time in every department are represented on its pages."

The Christian at Work, New York, says it is

"The best of all the works of its kind. It represents in the fullest sense the high-water mark of the best literature of the times. It is the cream of all that is good. Embracing as it does the choicest literature of the magazines and reviews of the day, culled with a discrimination and judgment that is most remarkable, it is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the times. It is a complete library in itself. We cannot note a single point where improvement could be made; and yet it does seem to grow better, richer, and more valuable with every issue. With this publication alone, a man ought to be able to keep well abreast of the literary current of the times."

The New-York Observer says:—

"It would be difficult to select a choicer library than that which is found in the volumes of *THE LIVING AGE*."

The Christian Intelligencer, New York, says:—

"It is indispensable to busy men and women who wish to know the course and achievements of the literature of Great Britain."

Zion's Herald, Boston, says:—

"It becomes more and more necessary, as well as valuable, as the field of periodical literature broadens. It has no peer."

The Watchman, Boston, says:—

"We can only repeat what we have already said, that *THE LIVING AGE* leads all other publications of its kind, not only in years, but in merit. Biography, fiction, science, eclecticism, history, poetry, travels, whatever men are interested in, all are found here, and it is truly a panoramic exhibition of the Living Age. It furnishes more for the money it costs than any other periodical within our knowledge."

The Southern Churchman, Richmond, says:—

"If we could get but one magazine, we would get this."

The Christian Advocate, New York, says:—

"It deserves its age, and the affection which it has earned."

The Observer, St. Louis, Mo., says:—

"It is certainly the most valuable weekly published."

The Living Church, Chicago, says:—

"It is simply invaluable, bringing to us as it does, week by week, the very cream of all the current literature of the day."

The New-York Tribune says:—

"Its pages teem with the choicest literature of the day, selected with wide knowledge and admirable tact, and furnishing a complete introduction to the best thoughts of the best writers whose impress is deeply stamped upon the characteristics of the age. No reader who makes himself familiar with its contents can lack the means of a sound literary culture."

The Times, Philadelphia, says:—

"In no other form can so much thoroughly good reading be got for so little money; in no other form can so much instruction and entertainment be got in so small a space."

The Philadelphia Inquirer says:—

"When one is confined to the choice of but one magazine out of the brilliant array which the demands of the time have called into existence, it is indeed an injustice to one's self not to make selection of *Littell's Living Age*, wherein is condensed what is most valuable of the best of them."

The North American, Philadelphia, says:—

"It affords the best, the cheapest and most convenient means of keeping abreast with the progress of thought in all its phases."

Every Evening, Wilmington, Del., says:—

"Each number of *THE LIVING AGE* proves how truly the thought of the age finds its keenest expression and latest development in periodicals. Not to keep up with them is to be outside the intellectual world."

The Courier, Lowell, Mass., says:—

"If one wishes to keep abreast of the intellectual march of mankind, he not only should, but must, read regularly *THE LIVING AGE*."

The Richmond Whig says:—

"If a man were to read *THE LIVING AGE* regularly, and read nothing else, he would be well informed on all prominent subjects in the general field of human knowledge."

The Albany Argus says:—

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."

The Cincinnati Gazette says it is

"As much in the forefront of eclectic publications as at its start forty years ago."

The Montreal Gazette says it is

"Remarkably cheap for the quality and amount of reading furnished."

The Indianapolis Journal says it

"Grows better as the years roll on."

The Boston Journal says:—

"To turn over these richly laden pages is to expose one's self to a perpetual temptation to pause and read some suggestive or striking essay, sketch, or poem. Excellent discrimination is shown in the selections,—for in this, as in all editing, the crucial test is the knowing what not to print,—and the result is that the reader of *THE LIVING AGE* has the best of the foreign literature wisely sifted and brought before him in a very convenient shape."

The Commonwealth, Boston, says:—

"Whatever is not known and published by the editors of *THE LIVING AGE* is not worth knowing."

The Hawk-Eye, Burlington, Iowa, says:—

"It has no rival. And if but one magazine can be read, this should certainly be the choice."

The Boston Traveller says:—

"It absolutely seems a work of supererogation to say a word in praise of *THE LIVING AGE*; but it is really so good a thing in its way that we cannot withhold our word of commendation. We have been familiar with its pages for nearly fifty years; and though its earlier contents were variegated and most excellent, 'better is the end of this thing than the beginning.'"

The Commercial Advertiser, Detroit, says it is

"The cheapest magazine for the amount of matter published in the United States."

The Courier-Journal, Louisville, says it is

"The oldest and the best."

Published Weekly at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.